

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JULY 1923.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTE RODIN.

BY ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.

I.

THERE is a certain stretch of hard white road in the environs of Paris, which, although it can lay claim to no transcendent beauty or arresting feature of any kind, will nevertheless remain vividly imprinted upon my memory. It is the direct road leading from the bank of the River Seine at Bas Meudon to the little village of Meudon Val Fleury, and beyond to the heights overlooking Issy les Moulineaux. I can never forget it, because it was along that stretch of road that, on a very hot morning in June 1906, I accomplished what was to prove the fastest and most anxious journey of my life. On the morning in question I had to present myself before M. Rodin, and to take up my duties there and then as his secretary; and the appointment, which had been fixed for twelve noon, was to take place at his country house, the Villa des Brillants, at Meudon. I had most imprudently relied on directions given me by a friend in Paris who, while he professed himself familiar with Meudon, was, as I ultimately discovered, dismally ignorant of the precise position of M. Rodin's establishment. He had heard that the Villa des Brillants overlooked the river, and we both knew that it was in Meudon; what could seem more reasonable, therefore, the day being very fine, than that I should travel by one of the delightful river steamers which, my friend informed me, plied between Meudon and Bercy? It never occurred to me that a remote and small suburb of Paris, such as Meudon, with its compact dissyllabic name, could possibly be a large, straggling urban district, consisting of three separate members, each divided by long stretches of road; nor was I in the least aware that Bas Meudon, the part at which I disembarked, and Rodin's Villa des Brillants constituted exactly the two extreme points bounding the whole area from north to south.

2 PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTE RODIN.

Thinking that if I reached Bas Meudon at about half-past eleven I should allow myself ample time to keep my appointment with impressive exactitude, I remained undismayed by the many halts that marked our progress along the Seine, and abandoned myself with serenity to the entertainment the journey afforded.

It was all a sad miscalculation. When I reached Bas Meudon, a little after half-past eleven—an hour when every French working-man is either at his *déjeuner* or on his way to it—I found myself practically alone on the little riverside quay; while the approach to it, together with the country beyond, appeared all the more desolate and lifeless, for the silent splendour of the midday sun in which they were bathed. With great difficulty I was at last able to discover the distance that still separated me from my destination—to my horror it was well over two miles—and, as there was no sign of a vehicle of any description, nor any hope of obtaining one, I set off on foot as fast as I could, running and walking alternately, in the direction of Val Fleury. I had, not unnaturally, taken particular pains with my personal appearance that morning, and the road was long, dusty, and burning. It is little to say, therefore, that I was vexed at having to make exertions which, even if I had been clad in flannels, must necessarily have impaired the freshness both of my clothes and of my person; but, as there was no alternative, and in any event I could not hope to arrive punctually before my new employer, it only remained to make the extent of my remissness as slight as possible.

It was a bad beginning! That was the thought that seemed to add extra weight to my limbs as I climbed the two steep hills along that memorable road; for not only was I about to meet for the first time a man who had agreed to employ me as his business assistant, but that man was also one of the most famous of his Age. Thus the fact that I had had the folly to fritter away two or three days in Paris, amusing myself, while I might so easily have rehearsed the journey half a dozen times, did not tend to abate my annoyance.

At last, after having wasted much time in asking my way, I arrived, panting and footsore, at the Villa des Brillants at about a quarter-past twelve, and with some trepidation asked whether I could see M. Rodin. Needless to say, the dusty appearance of my trousers, together with the apoplectic purple of my complexion, bore sufficiently eloquent testimony to the superhuman efforts I had made to retrieve my original error; and M. Rodin, whom

I first met in the garden of his villa, was kind and human enough to make little of the delay. Observing me closely all the while, he merely smiled at the account of my desperate adventure, and contented himself with pointing out that I could have saved all my trouble and pains, if only I had thought of taking the elevated electric railway that runs from Les Invalides almost to the edge of his property.

Nevertheless, my frantic journey was not to prove quite useless; and all those prospective visitors to Rodin who very shortly after my arrival at the Villa des Brillants found themselves supplied with a neat printed sketch-map of the district, with full directions about the quickest route from Paris to the great sculptor's house, owed this assistance to my own distressing experience on that morning in June.

In a few moments 'Madame' Rodin appeared—a frowning, tragic little figure, clad in a light *négligé*; and I was introduced to her. She seemed quite unable to take more than a perfunctory interest in my arrival, or in the capacity I was about to fill in M. Rodin's household; but merely revealed that fanatical and anxious concern about doing the right thing by her lord and master, which, so I understand, characterised her until her last hour. Thus, she now urged him to go to his lunch as quickly as possible, so that he might catch his usual train to Paris; and, amid a noisy and general dispersal of the Rodin menagerie, consisting of ducks, pigeons, and swans, we made our way, followed by the two dogs, Cap and Thérèse, to the dining-room of the villa. I was immediately struck by its plainness. But for a dozen white straight-backed chairs and a trestle table, the room was entirely bare; the walls, which were of a pale, even colour, stretched out on all sides with nothing but a picture by Falguière to relieve their reposeful monotony, and the floor was uncarpeted. Evidently Rodin must have observed the signs of faint astonishment in my expression, for he said 'You see, when I open the windows and the light and the landscape flood the room, it partakes of the pensive stillness of Nature. No obtrusive and artificial objects prevent it from harmonising with the fields and hills about me.'

As he had often been to England before I became his private secretary, he was well aware that the austere simplicity of his establishment must strike me as a little singular, more particularly as at the time I joined him he was known to be in very flourishing circumstances. He therefore proceeded to inform me that if I

4 PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTE RODIN.

failed to discover anywhere about the house any of those arm- and easy- chairs such as he knew I must have been accustomed to in England, it was because he had a rooted objection to that semi-prone and folded-up self-indulgence of English comfort, which such articles of furniture constantly suggested and encouraged. 'I do not approve of half going to bed at all moments of the day,' he declared. 'When I am tired I go to bed altogether.' And, indeed, this is what he really did; for on those nights when he had no function to attend in Paris, he always retired to bed at sundown.

Having much to learn and to observe during my first few weeks at Meudon, I was naturally very silent. But I soon found that Rodin was not in the least averse from bearing the whole burden of the conversation at table himself; and it struck me that he was a most brilliant and forcible talker. His speech was both laconic and pithy, and the effective manner in which he illuminated and disposed of every question he discussed riveted attention. Keeping his eyes averted from his listener, he would utter his short telling sentences with characteristic though quiet emphasis, and then, as he drew near to the conclusion of his remarks, he would cast one rapid glance at you, and with his face wreathed in smiles, invite you to join him in the pleasure he felt over the particular view he had expressed. I soon realised that he was as original and vigorous a thinker as he was a sculptor, and was not in the least surprised when later on I discovered that he would fain have been an author. He was also possessed of a quiet sardonic humour, and would laugh heartily at his own diatribes against his contemporaries. Unmerciful in his judgment of his Age, his particular bugbear was the 'Institut,' whose members, especially when they were Academicians, came in for a good deal of his hostile criticism. 'They hold the keys of the Heaven of Arts,' he would often exclaim, 'and close the door to all original talent! But,' he would add with a withering scowl, 'they themselves can never enter the Heaven of which they hold the keys.'

He was also very fond of referring to the days when he was a poor struggling student in one of the small studios in the Rue des Fourneaux; for, although he occasionally had to suffer from hunger there, he was at least free from that incessant persecution which, in modern Europe, is the penalty of all recognised genius and all fame. 'As a youth,' he used to say, 'I was a martyr to

dyspepsia, and no treatment seemed to afford me the smallest relief. But I had not yet tasted of the uses of adversity. At the Rue des Fourneaux I suffered *une belle misère*; I often went for whole days without food, and lo, my dyspepsia was cured!

I had a mass of correspondence to deal with at the Villa des Brillants, and wrote an average of thirty letters a day to keep abreast with it. I remember on one occasion a letter arrived which was so badly written that neither Rodin nor I could decipher it. We turned it all ways, and could not even make out the signature. At last, after wasting a good deal of precious time, I was obliged to give it up, and laying the letter down on the table, announced my intention of waiting for a further communication from the writer, which I could only hope would prove more legible. 'Not at all,' said Rodin quietly, picking the letter up again, and smiling in his grimmest and most mischievous manner. 'You will send it to a translation bureau, and ask them to translate it into English, and then when you get the translation you can read it back in French to me.' We both laughed heartily at this ingenious suggestion, and it was carried out forthwith most successfully.

I was amazed at Rodin's orderliness and love of red tape. Having lived among artists all my life, I had grown to associate with the artistic temperament a certain carelessness and impatient hurry where the more tiresome details of everyday life were concerned, and I was therefore all the more surprised when I found in my chief a veritable *monstre paperassier*. Two whole rooms in the Villa des Brillants were given up to this passion for the accumulation and preservation of the letters, invoices, vouchers, estimates, and receipts of a lifetime, and these papers, stored in little white deal boxes, specially made for the purpose by a local carpenter, and arranged according to genus, species, date, and their order in the alphabet, represented an imposing documentary record of all Rodin's relations with the outside world. It was curious to find this hereditary trait of the old bureaucrat in one who in every other respect must have been as unlike his father as possible, and I have often wondered what the French State did with these little white boxes stuffed with papers, when they took over the Musée Rodin.

Needless to say that the daily basketful of correspondence always included a fair proportion of begging letters, and it was my business to weed these out from the rest and to give Rodin

6 PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTE RODIN.

a summary of their contents, together with the names of the writers. I soon understood, however, that the great master was not in the least inclined to pass over this part of the day's routine too perfunctorily. On the contrary, about all such correspondents residing in or around Paris he required the most exhaustive particulars, and always seemed very much annoyed when he found he could not reasonably acquiesce in their demands. As I knew him to be generous to a fault with his poorer friends, I was at first tempted to ascribe this concern to the fact that it was painful to him to thwart his natural impulses of charity and good nature; I was, however, to some extent in error here; for ultimately I found out that he lived in constant fear of one day becoming the victim either of an avowed enemy or of one of these people whose demands he could not satisfy; and it was not long before I was given a rather amusing proof of this.

One day a mysterious tin box came to Rodin from the Near East. It was handed to him while he was at lunch, and we all speculated upon what it might contain. One thought it was caviare, the other *pâté de foie-gras*, and Rodin himself thought it might be merely a practical joke. On finding that he could not open it, he called for a pointed instrument, and Joseph, the studio-boy, went hurtling off to the studio in search of a chisel. Then, suddenly, a look of extraordinary guile and alarm entered Rodin's face, and turning to me, he said: 'What if it were an infernal machine, designed to explode at the first heavy blow!' I laughed the suggestion to scorn, but Madame Rodin and the housekeeper, who had been listening intently all the while, looked anything but amused, and in a moment both of them were imploring Rodin to leave the tin box alone. Now, in addition to Rodin's constant fear of violence from the quarter of his enemies, or at the hands of a disappointed amateur in the art of pecuniary extortion (and it must be remembered that the famous affairs of the *Age d'Airain* and the *Grand Penseur* lent some colour to these fears), he had a childlike faith in the divinating power of the female mind. 'One never knows,' he would often say; 'women frequently have the most unaccountable warnings of coming events. Call it what you will—second sight or telepathy; but I for one am disinclined to regard the phenomenon as one of coincidence alone.' Thus, it was quite plain that, on this occasion, the voice of his womenfolk, supporting as it did his own profound suspicions, supplied him with a very strong argument for refusing to tamper with the mysterious package; and by the time Joseph

arrived with a screwdriver, the master's mind was made up. Joseph was therefore instructed to carry the tin to the farthest corner of the garden, and there to bury it forthwith; and, amid much laughter, the greater part of which was merely the expression of relieved alarm, we resumed our meal.

A few days afterwards there arrived a friendly letter from Greece, which had been unaccountably delayed in transit, and the writer of it announced to Rodin that he had dispatched a tin of the famous Hymettos honey to him, which, in view of the master's pronounced love of the ancient Greeks and everything connected with them, it was hoped that he would eat with particular relish. It is hardly necessary to add that the honey was not in the least impaired by its temporary inhumation.

Owing to the fact that all the examples of Rodin's principal works were collected at Meudon, we used to receive a stream of visitors there, many of whom, after having visited the huge studio, would stay to lunch. I, of course, always knew who was expected, and so did Madame Rodin, and I was frequently moved by the extreme agitation shown by the poor little woman when she used to come and discuss the arrangements with me. She hated these functions as much as I loved them, and as she could not sympathise with my curiosity and interest about the guests, particularly when they were celebrities, she could only bewail the fact that these people insisted upon disturbing her in her peaceful rural retreat. She also had strange notions about dress on these occasions, and was always utterly at a loss about the correct thing to wear, when a particularly famous celebrity was invited. I remember on one occasion when M. Leygues, the Colonial Minister, was coming, she thought it necessary, in view of the eminence of the visitor, to make a specially noble effort in her apparel; and to Rodin's horror, he espied her just before lunch through the open door of the studio crossing the garden in a brilliant confection of crimson silk or satin. I was immediately summoned to the studio by the master, and, leading me aside, in a few hurried sentences he ordered me to prevail upon Madame Rodin to change her dress instantly, and to adopt a quieter garment, no matter how long her change of toilet might delay the meal. It was a delicate mission to fulfil; but feeling that it was in the interest of everybody to make it a success, I went in search of Madame Rodin, determined not to shrink from the difficult path of duty. I found her finishing the floral decoration of the table, and, summoning all my firmness and tact, I told her that M. Rodin had

requested me to speak a few words to her. Seeing that she was, as I have already pointed out, fanatically devoted to the master, my task was really not so hard as it might seem; and after assuring her that M. Rodin thought that M. Leygues was hardly worthy of the exceptional efforts she had made, and that there would certainly be many occasions in the future when a guest of even greater distinction would require to be adequately honoured, I informed her that M. Rodin thought it would be wise to reserve her present toilet for such an opportunity, and that for M. Leygues a quieter dress would be all that was wanted. I added that M. Rodin did not mind if the lunch were a little late, provided she carried out his suggestion. To my great joy she did not attempt to argue the point; and, beyond looking a little puzzled by the fact that M. Rodin had not seen eye to eye with her in this particular matter, went off instantly to effect the desired change in her attire.

Now, it was at these luncheons that Rodin used always to be, at his best, and seeing that almost every celebrity in the world attended them, from the President of the Argentine Republic to the Editor of the comic French journal *Le Rire*, these functions constituted the most enthralling feature of my life at the great sculptor's house. The conversation was of the most varied character, for Rodin could talk well and interestingly on almost any subject; but it was naturally on art or literature that he spoke with the greatest understanding, and all his more intelligent visitors invariably directed the conversation along these lines. I remember, on one occasion, while discussing English literature, Rodin happened to compare the merits of Richardson with those of Fielding, and I was very much surprised to find that, like Dr. Samuel Johnson, he preferred the former. 'Yes,' he said, "'Tom Jones' wearies me; for irony in the long run is tedious. Fielding is ruthless with humanity—*il est méchant*. How much more enjoyable is the ingenuous feeling and tender humanity of "Pamela"! Those who remember Boswell will realise how very much this resembles Johnson's own view. 'Sir,' said the Doctor, addressing the young Scots officer, Erskine, 'there is more knowledge of the heart in one letter of Richardson than in all "Tom Jones."'¹

This, however, should be observed in mitigation of the above severe judgment against Fielding, that Rodin had read "Pamela," translated by a master *littérateur*—the Abbé Prévost—whereas

¹ See Birkbeck Hill's *Boswell*, vol. ii. p. 174.

he had read "Tom Jones," if not in an inferior translation, at least in a version that could not aspire to the literary beauty attained by the author of "Manon Lescaut."

At all events, Rodin never pronounced a criticism of this kind in a spirit of arrogance or captiousness. He was in many respects a modest man, and it was only in regard to his own particular branch of Art that he allowed himself to speak, as it were, with authority and defiance. Indeed, so modest was his habit of mind that he delighted in expatiating on his own shortcomings, and would often entertain his listeners with stories about his lack of after-dinner eloquence, his absent-mindedness, and his indifference to dress. One story which he was particularly fond of repeating against himself even bore relation to his personal appearance. As most people are aware, he was a very big, heavy man, with a powerful head and unusually large hands and feet. Now, on one occasion he had been invited by a prominent official in the Ministry of Mines to go down a coal mine somewhere in the French industrial area; and Rodin, as I hope to show, being always interested in the work and circumstances of the industrial classes, readily acquiesced in the suggestion. When, however, it came to equipping him for the descent underground, to everybody's astonishment, including, as he confessed, his own, not a pair of miner's boots could be found large enough to fit him. The very largest sizes were sent for; but in vain; and amid much laughter, in which Rodin heartily joined, he was obliged to prevail upon the officials to allow him to descend into the mine in his ordinary foot-gear.

His nature was a peculiar mixture of apparently irreconcilable extremes. On the one hand, he had strong monarchical sympathies, which made him wax quite rabid about the regicides of January 1793, and caused him to predict all kinds of ills for France as the inevitable penalty for the crimes she then committed; and, on the other, he revealed the most tender concern for the welfare and character of the common folk. In this respect he was rather like our own William Cobbett; for, while the artist in him led him to cling with conservative ardour to tradition and to all the institutions which would make beauty and patriarchal order prevail against the ever encroaching ugliness and anarchy of modern industrialism, he would often speak about the lot of the common workman very much as we are accustomed to hear our own Socialists and Labour leaders speak to-day. For instance, in regard to modern democratic assemblies, he was as ruthless in

10 PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTE RODIN.

his criticism as the most hidebound Tory. 'Since I have become well known,' he would say, 'circumstances have compelled me to do a great deal of work on committees and deliberative bodies of all kinds; and my invariable conclusion on leaving them has been that the ruling majority in all such gatherings hardly ever consists of the ablest and most original thinkers present. Now, applying the results of my own experience to the committees that rule the destinies of modern democracies, I wonder whether the same rule applies. It is with the utmost difficulty that a body of men can be induced to work harmoniously in the highest interests of an ordinary art society or club; but is the difficulty supposed to vanish when men, instead of transacting the minor affairs of a friendly society, administer the more complicated business of a large and powerful State?'

Now, listen to him on his return from a visit to one of the larger French transatlantic liners, which had just been built at about the time I joined him at Meudon: 'Everything was wonderful; but I confess I was appalled by the almost total lack of consideration for the baser human elements in the great machine. Take the huge stoke-holes, for instance! If the engineers who designed that ship had built the furnaces with the view of having them fed by princes and dukes, or even by wealthy commoners, we should have seen these infernos fitted with every modern appliance for securing the comfort of the men. We should have seen special cooling apparatus, electric fans and ingenious devices for keeping continuous and effective ventilation there; while in the compartments adjoining the stoke-holes, we should not have been surprised to find a canteen dispensing cooling drinks and ices at all moments of the day. But,' he exclaimed, smiling sadly, 'of course there was not a trace of anything of the sort! We did not need to ask who the poor devils were who were expected to do that work!'

Although I was quartered at some distance from the Villa des Brillants, in a little three-roomed cottage all to myself, standing within Rodin's property, I shared Rodin's home life exactly like one of the family, and had every opportunity of becoming acquainted with his daily routine and habits of thought. Called at seven o'clock every morning, I was expected to have finished my breakfast and be ready at his side at eight precisely. Rodin was an early riser, and very often in the summer he would be out in the garden, clad in his old *houppelande*, soon after six o'clock. His breakfast usually consisted either of hot bread and milk or

else a bowl of sour milk ; indeed, it was at Meudon that I first heard of Metchnikoff's theories concerning this preparation, and Rodin, who was convinced of its value as a food, strongly urged me to take it, which I frequently did. After breakfast—that is to say, a little before eight o'clock, a hairdresser would arrive from Val Fleury to trim Rodin's hair and beard for the day ; and, taking his place beside me at a plain deal table, in a room adjoining the dining-room, Rodin would open and read his letters, while the hairdresser set to work. After the trimming was done, the hairdresser would wash the master's head with a peculiarly pungent and not very pleasant hair-wash, and finally, with brush and comb, make him ready for the reception of guests or other business. Rodin never liked to spend more time over his correspondence than it took the barber to complete his hairdressing ; consequently our first business interview of the day usually terminated with the little barber's '*Voilà, Monsieur, c'est fini.*'

The morning was usually spent by Rodin in his huge studio, built of iron and stucco, adjoining the Villa des Brillants, and it was there that he used to receive his guests. I was only called to him when either English or German visitors came, who required the assistance of an interpreter ; but if his visitors happened to be unexpected callers—ladies of either English or American nationality—it was also my duty, after interviewing them and before ushering them into the studio, to call the studio-boy, Joseph, and proceed with him to a discreet concealment of certain pieces among the exhibits, by means of large dust-sheets that were always lying about in readiness for such an emergency.

At twelve midday, lunch was served. It was a very simple and wholesome meal, for Rodin delighted in homely dishes, and, like most artists, was a very temperate man. Beginning with *hors-d'œuvre*, we usually had some kind of joint, either roasted or braised, then a preparation of eggs or vegetables, or both, followed by cheese, fruit, and the usual coffee. The liquor drunk at table consisted of good light claret or white wine, and Rodin's favourite liqueur was Cointreau. He smoked very little, usually half of a 'Boc' cigar, which he seemed hardly to enjoy, and then he went off by train to his studio in Paris, which, at the time I was with him, was in the Rue de l'Université. There he had either a sitter, or else a visitor awaiting him, and, as a rule, he did not return to Meudon until half-past five or six o'clock in the evening. Now this was the most critical hour of the day for me, for it was at this time that he signed the letters, and attended

12 PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTE RODIN.

to all such questions as the payment of workmen and models, outstanding accounts, and the moneys received from clients. In all these matters he revealed an almost fretful meticulousness, which at first surprised and sometimes offended me; but I discovered that he had so often been cheated or otherwise taken advantage of by one of my predecessors, that he had learned to be most scrupulously careful. The first inkling I had of this was on the occasion of the dismissal of a certain workman, a plasterer, who had been in his employ before I came upon the scene. One morning Rodin informed me that he had dismissed him, and that he would be leaving on the evening of that day. Towards six o'clock, therefore, I called the man to pay him, out of petty cash, the money still owing to him; but he informed me that Rodin in a passion had given him his wages that morning. Now, when at the end of the week, in settling my accounts with him, Rodin discovered not only that my petty cash account showed an unusually large balance, but also that I made no mention of any payment to the dismissed plasterer, he asked me for an explanation. I then told him that the workman had informed me that he had received his money from M. Rodin himself, and that this accounted for my having more than the usual amount in hand. Thereupon, to my amazement—for I had no reason to suspect that my behaviour was anything else than what he had been accustomed to—Rodin, with a radiant smile, thanked me most heartily for having reminded him of the fact that he had paid the man himself, and even used the expression, '*C'est vraiment bien aimable à vous de me le dire*'—meaning, obviously, I presumed, that he would not have wondered much if I had not done so and had recorded the payment as having been made by myself. Naturally I protested against the implication of his apparently fulsome expression of gratitude over a proceeding so normal; and then it was that he first gave me to understand the kind of treatment that he had suffered in the past.

His day's work over, in the cool of the evening Rodin used generally to wander off with his favourite dog, Cap, to some quiet corner of the garden, for rest and meditation; and at this hour he liked no one to disturb him. Usually taking up a position on one of the highest points in his large garden, he would sit there, looking across the valley of the Seine to Sèvres in the distance; and while quietly contemplating the beautiful landscape before him would await the dusk. He was much given to meditation and to the silent and prolonged contemplation of nature or a

beautiful work of art, and in the early days, before I was acquainted with his ways, I used constantly to fall foul of him, precisely in regard to this habit. Suffering from an excess of zeal, and holding also the foolish belief that good form, or at least decent manners, required that I should, when alone with Rodin, endeavour to divert his mind with some light extempore remarks suggested either by the world about us or by a passing thought, I used at first to make such efforts in small talk or light conversation as the usages of polite society in England make almost *de rigueur*. I might have spared myself the pains! Nor shall I ever forget the first check I received, while engaged in this well-intentioned but ridiculous practice. We were travelling together from Meudon to Paris on the elevated electric line, the terminus of which is Les Invalides station on the Quai d'Orsay. I had been with Rodin about a week, and I was still too full of zeal and over-anxious to do the right thing to be altogether self-possessed. Now, I noticed that during the first part of the journey the Eiffel Tower was on our left, while during the latter part it appeared on our right—a circumstance which, though easily explained as the natural consequence of the winding of the railway line, struck me as being sufficiently singular to supply the occasion for a remark. The irresponsible behaviour of the Eiffel Tower on this journey, moreover, happening to coincide with what I believed to be an acute lull in the conversation, I abandoned all caution, and proceeded to comment on the obvious fact. It was extremely foolish of me. I realised that the moment I had uttered the words. But, having uttered them, I felt it in some way a point of honour to stand by them, and to vindicate my parental pride in them by forcing attention to them. Rodin took not the slightest notice. I flushed a little. The very imbecility of my child made me resent this insult to it. I repeated the remark in a somewhat modified form. Rodin turned away his big head, and again made no sign of having heard.

I made no third attempt; but, feeling thoroughly abashed, and knowing full well that my punishment had been a just one, reformed my ways from that hour. Many such useful lessons did I learn during my period of close association with this great artist; nor did it ever occur to me to doubt that his taste in such matters was a thousand times more reliable than the usages of the modern world, with all its imposing authority of tradition and so-called good form.

(To be continued.)

COUNTRY CRICKET IN THE 'SIXTIES.

In the July following the close of the war I was fortunate enough to watch a real old-fashioned inter-village cricket match from start to finish. It began soon after two and all four innings were comfortably concluded with an exciting finish by half-past six! Yet the scene of it was under thirty miles from London, and I need hardly add to the north of it. For such truly rustic cricket could not be found nowadays in the suburbanised villages of Surrey or in the cricketing counties of Kent and Sussex. In this case two wholly agricultural parishes were represented and every player was in one way or another a son of the soil. They were all young men too, fresh out of the war. If they had not been they would assuredly have declined to stand up against fast and rather erratic bowling on such a fearsome wicket. Nor do I think the same lot would brave it to-day, now the sound of shot and shell is a fading memory, even if they were asked to. For this was essentially a 'war wicket' though it was in the squire's park. But a long dry spring following on a four-year hiatus had left a surface quite refractory to any treatment. I would not have batted on that wicket myself for five pounds, though in ancient days I have encountered some pretty rugged ones. As already mentioned, only soldiers fresh from battlefields would have faced it. Yet these heroic souls and their opponents played several matches on it that summer. I do know that there was a long list of casualties, but from their point of view, no doubt, they would mostly come under the head of 'slightly wounded.' Apart from this the scene, for its general heartiness and frank lack of science, recalled long-departed days, except for the absent beer barrel. For there were at least a hundred parishioners of both sexes watching the game with interest. The parson and the squire with their respective families were both there. Beyond them, local society, with either a big or middle-sized S, was characteristically unrepresented, busy no doubt with lawn tennis. There were a couple of benches, otherwise everyone sat upon the grass.

The unsheltered scoring table was the spectators' centre of gravity. There was a telegraph board to be sure, fixed up on a fence behind, but it was the sport only of village urchins and

proclaimed the progress of the game in most bewildering fashion. But every eye was on the cricket, and every batsman on the local side was greeted with appropriate invocations as he strode fearlessly out to the intimidating wicket and suitably consoled, or perhaps bantered, when he returned unwounded with an inglorious duck. There was no afternoon tea or any nonsense of that kind. The game went briskly forward quite in the old style. There were no interruptions except occasional brief pauses while a smitten batsman rubbed himself or limped round the wicket for a turn or two on the uninjured leg. No player on either side could handle his bat correctly. The batting was delightfully rustic. And as the bowling was all fast, this lack of science made for the greater exposure of their bodies to its bumping and breaking attack. No one seemed to mind much, however, till the captain of the visiting team got a blow on the side of the head and went down like a shot. As he lay apparently dead, his friends brought out some cold water, but the field in the meantime shied catches to one another with complete indifference. However, in two or three minutes the injured man recovered his senses, got up, rubbed his head and went 'over the top' once more. All four innings, as already stated, were comfortably finished, with an average of about forty to the innings, and our team won by six runs amid much excitement: a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon's cricket. The much-battered visitors went off amid cheers and our eleven limped home triumphantly to the village with the friendly crowd. To me the clock seemed to have been put back half a century!

Cricket is styled our national game. Certainly no foreigners play it, but I can't help thinking that the term was more truly applicable in the 'sixties. People take an interest nowadays in county and international matches, but apart from the players themselves, extraordinarily little in club or village cricket. It is pitiful to note the contrast between the crowd at a football match in the country under conditions when watching is positively uncomfortable, and the nakedness of the same ground when a cricket match is going forward under climatic conditions wholly delightful for a spectator. Yet more, football has seriously encroached on the season of the summer game; matches are continued far into May and begin again early in September, regardless of green leaves and a sweltering temperature. Through most of the summer, too, in the country, those aimless capers around a 'soccer' ball, and futile kicks which are presumably the counterpart of the really

interesting old Rugby punt-about, are indulged in by the proletarian youth. In the 'sixties nearly all these boys played cricket with such implements as they could secure, while the better class took far more personal interest in it than now. There was, in truth, no other summer game. Lawn tennis, that greatest enemy of country cricket, was not yet. Golf, cycling, and motoring were still more remote. Archery and croquet were elderly or female pastimes. For girls, except on horseback, simply did not count out of doors in those days, after they had grown old enough or independent enough to refuse any longer to fag out for their small brothers at cricket. The squire and parson, their sons and social equivalents nearly all supported the national game in personal play or with their sympathy and presence.

I can only, of course, speak positively of my own experiences, which were mainly in Wilts and West Berks or their borders. But I am sure that ours was a very typical region. For Kent, Surrey, and even Sussex would have no more represented the average condition or quality of country cricket south of the Trent than the 'Shires' would be a fair sample of average English fox-hunting. When you got farther west again, into Devonshire and Cornwall, the physical contour of that country was all against village cricket. I knew many parts of the first-named extremely well, and the absence of the cricket habit was most notable, while the reason for it was equally obvious. The gentry of that county, with their school and college traditions, concentrated on the town clubs, and above all on the south-coast watering-places like Torquay and Teignmouth, where exotic talent helped to stimulate the game. Indeed the cricket festivals on the Teignbridge ground, often against visiting teams, were annual social events of much note throughout the West of England in the 'sixties and were, I fancy, among the earliest anywhere of such meetings; but the rural proletariat had little interest as yet in the game. The only available spots for village cricket were on the not always spacious crowns of the interminable humpy hills. There were no boundaries in those good old days and rumour had it, about 1870, and I believe truly, that a well-known Oxford cricketer and Devonian made forty-four runs in one over from one of those aerial village grounds. Thirty years later, however, I either saw or heard of cricket established in many parishes which in my boyhood had no conception of such a game.

But as regards the more normal counties, most fair-sized villages

or such other parishes as possessed a cricketing squire or parson had their clubs, while the towns or some well-kept country ground, often in a nobleman's park, attracted the talent of the district. Here and there were good clubs associated with such centres who played against one another with much healthy rivalry, while their members of course assisted their particular villages when occasion offered. For there was quite as much rivalry in these rustic contests as in the higher-class cricket. The average of the 'class' player was apt to suffer rather than otherwise on his village ground. For the 'table,' as it was called, in our country was generally rough, not to say intimidating, against fast round-arm bowling. Fast underhand, however, was still the method of attack with most rustics, and I never heard the best bat aver that he liked it. He might have enjoyed it at Lord's, but not on the village green. Some of these doughty blacksmiths, gardeners, and publicans could bowl a tremendous pace. A full pitch on the handle of your bat followed by a 'daisy cutter' that clove to the ground with a series of low tortuous leaps may be picturesque in the retrospect, but personally I regarded first-class bowling on a good wicket as a welcome alternative. The village 'stone-waller' was the most disconcerting batsman probably to the fast underhand champion, for he acted his part to the letter and kept his bat immovable in the block-hole with imperturbable consistency. There was not much of the wicket left exposed to underhand bowling without 'break,' while to the ironical cheers and jibes of his friends in the tent the true old stone-waller turned an absolutely deaf ear. All the fun he got out of it himself was the annoyance he caused the bowler. His contribution to his side, beyond the sometimes disturbing effect of his immobility on the attack in general, lay chiefly in the note of humour aroused in the company, as with arms bared above the elbow and determined mien he strode to the wicket and his self-effacing task. Then there was his antithesis, the professed swiper who hit with all his heart, soul, and might at every ball. He, too, had always a good but more respectful 'send-off,' and aroused expectations often enough unfulfilled. 'Let 'er have it, Bill!' 'Step out to 'un!' Genders and pronouns got notably mixed in the nearer West Country. But Bill probably didn't 'step out,' that was the trouble with him. He had no foot-work, as the modern phrase has it. He maintained a fixed 'stance' and lunged out wildly in scythe-like fashion. If he struck the ball it went far, sometimes very far, to the delight

of his expectant friends. The bats of those days had slender handles, suitable for fine wrist-work. But for that very reason they were apt to fly altogether from rustic hands, and it was no uncommon thing to see the striker running unarmed between wickets while his bat lay on the ground in the neighbourhood of Long-on or Short-leg amid the encouraging cheers of the spectators.

Only the more aristocratic minority of a village team wore flannels. The remainder merely shed their coat and waistcoat. So red braces were fairly conspicuous in the field, though the more workmanlike substituted for them blue elastic belts with the then universal snake clasp. Headgear was of course varied. The hatless craze had not arrived. Top hats at cricket had long gone out. Tweed caps, which now adorn the heads of half the proletarian youth, save for an occasional monstrosity, were not yet. Oxford University, with the assistance or at the instance of Evans & Co., first gave them to the world in the early 'eighties. Straw hats, bowlers, and billycocks protected the heads of the village cricketers, though flannel caps, generally white, occasionally blue or pink, were sometimes aspired to. The professionals of that day wore nondescript flannel caps, as they could claim no colours. A contemporary reminds me that some of them affected velvet caps, which sounds hot! The true rustic cricketer was usually without spiked shoes, and in dry weather slithered about a good deal and sat down at times after hitting at a ball or throwing in from the long-field, adding thereby his quota to the gaiety of the day. Long-stop, still sometimes called 'back-stop,' was an important functionary, not only in village, but in all cricket; a rather thankless but vital position, for reliable wicket-keeping was nothing like so general nor the wickets so good as now. In village cricket his task was often very arduous, not to say dangerous, against fast bowling, as the ground behind the 'table' where he stood was apt to be rugged. The trial ball, too, had barely died out in village cricket. No longer formally recognised, it was sometimes claimed by a veteran when defeated at the first delivery, which gave rise to trouble.

Memory cherishes no little affection for the old-fashioned pavilion tent that mostly served the players of the 'sixties both in club and better-class village cricket. The sordid, gloomy little wooden pavilions one sees nearly everywhere now seem poor substitutes for those cheerful and spacious shelters, with their soft green carpet of turf, the long trestle table hospitably spread for

lunch, with its mountainous rounds of cold beef and array of tarts; and the local publican drawing the fine beer of those pre-whisky-and-soda days from his barrel in the corner. But one memory comes back to me of a scene of such woeful contrast to this, that I am quite sure if there be any survivor of it besides myself he would remember it vividly. It was a rather superior village match, save for the fact that in place of the regulation tent we had lunched and harboured generally beneath an enormous rick-cloth stretched tent-wise from a lofty ridge pole. During lunch the long threatening heavens had descended upon us in merciless and hopeless fashion. We were a mile from the village, and had been imprisoned by the torrential rain for a couple of hours. Vocal music, the invariable resource of cricketers in our part of the world on all suitable occasions, had on this abnormal one been going forward to cheer our gloom. A—— had sung his irresistibly comic song of 'The Twins,' who were constantly getting 'mixed' from their first infantile bath to a final matrimonial tragedy resulting from the confusion. B—— had given us 'For I Owsn I Likes Good Beer,' a popular song in that country, with a stirring chorus in praise of 'Billy our King' who 'bated the tax on it.' C—— had rendered in the vernacular the time-honoured Wiltshire song, 'The Vly be on the Turmuts,' and D—— had invoked 'The Good Old Days when George the Third was King,' which both our umpires, at any rate, could easily remember, though I am sure they could have had no possible quarrel with the glorious comfortable 'sixties. Suddenly came something like a roar from far aloft, followed by an uncanny rending scream, and before we could utter the proverbial 'Jack Robinson,' the whole mass of the heavy sodden tent collapsed and buried us beneath it, together with the still loaded table, our clothes, cricket bags, and everything else. Creeping out of the chaos we collected our belongings, and like drowned rats conveyed them through the lashing storm to the distant village. We didn't sing as usual on the eight-mile drive home that night in the brake!

Turning from village cricket to the higher class or club matches, ours was a region, speaking generally, of magnificent distances, not yet traversed by cross railroads. So the gathering of the teams involved much road travelling, whether collectively in a drag or individually, as circumstances required. Those long drives, often over the down country on a summer morning, are not the least treasured of these old cricket memories. Interest in the home and home annual matches between certain clubs was very

great and rivalry keen, in which the respective districts liberally shared. The drive home of the victorious eleven after one of these keen encounters seemed the very apotheosis of exuberant good-fellowship. I cannot resist recalling one such occasion when Newbury, a club which had an admirable ground, and always played two professional bowlers, and with whom rivalry was acute, left us nearly 200 runs to make with just two hours of play, a mere question of defeat or a draw, as things were then. We made the runs by hard hitting for the loss of one wicket with several minutes to spare, and every run had to be run out. There were no tips and pats and snicks to short boundaries in those days. That twenty-mile drive home, with a halt at one or two sympathetic and hospitable country houses on the way, abides with me yet.

There were no boundaries in those days other than fixed obstacles, regarded as a necessary nuisance. The more hitting room there was on a ground, the better we liked it. If men could hit fives, sixes, or sevens, why should they not get value for them? An easily negotiated rail fence, or a row of trees, were not necessarily boundaries! The modern idea of curtailing even spacious grounds with a chalk line and awarding four runs alike to the finest drive or square-leg hit, to the poor 'snick' or moderate tap, would have seemed idiotic in the 'sixties. Having to run out almost every run was something of a check, no doubt, on long scoring. For to assist in putting on even a hundred to the score entailed a good deal of physical effort. Nor again does one often now see the once familiar spectacle of both batsmen leaning exhausted on their bats, or even sitting on the ground while the field patiently awaits the recovery of their breath.

Bowling over the shoulder was very rare in the 'sixties. Though not penalised, it was considered rather unfair. Some famous bowlers like Mr. Powys of Cambridge and Gentlemen v. Players note, in the early 'seventies, the fastest amateur bowler so far known, bowled below the shoulder. So did Willshire, a leading fast bowler of the 'sixties. I played against both in provincial cricket, and can still see their wide, low, swinging, left-handed delivery round the wicket without any break to speak of. Indeed, there was very little break, I fancy, in any fast or medium round, except that caused by the rougher wickets. These last, moreover, accounted for the frequent shooters the batsmen had to face, which cut short many a promising innings. The great underhand bowlers of an earlier generation, such as Mynn and Clarke, must have been

difficult to play even on a good wicket, for their accuracy of length and break, and the spin with which they came off the ground.

Mr. Budd, one of the giants of old, played his later cricket in Wiltshire, where in the 'thirties and 'forties he made the Poulton club, near Swindon, famous. I have an admirable sketch of him bowling in his very last match, given me long ago by the artist, who was actually playing against him and his team for the Marlborough boys on their own ground in 1850. The veteran is delivering the ball, attired in a white top hat, very short open white flannel jacket and tightish trousers. It was both a humorous and notable occasion. For Mr. Budd was sixty-eight, and still held the then vanishing tradition that it was criminal to hit out at any straight ball. An irreverent youth, however, hit three consecutive deliveries on the middle stump from Mr. Budd for two fours and a six. After the last, the end of the over, the old gentleman dashed the ball petulantly on the ground, vowed it was not cricket and that he would never play again, and he never did! The sporting press took some notice of the match, from the fact of there being just half a century in age between the captains of the teams, the boy skipper being Mr. E. L. Bateman, a player of note in after years, and for many comparatively recent ones on the Committee at Lord's.

Few or no stationary provincial clubs sported 'colours' in the 'sixties. Oxford and Cambridge college, or club colours, however, were generally conspicuous at country matches. We had a touring County Club confined to gentlemen players with some cricket qualification, and for years its colours, a red and blue zigzag ribbon, were well known on all the best grounds of the 'nearer West.' Very occasionally, too, throughout all the West, gentlemen teams of rather fortuitous selection played inter-county games.

But the great excitement of those days was the XXII matches against professional elevens. When the busy season was over teams of the crack players went on tour, under such designations as 'All England,' 'United North,' or 'United South.' Lord's and the Oval seemed then far away from Wessex and the West Country, which had as yet no regular county cricket, though the great names were as well known there by repute as they are to-day. It seemed a wonderful spectacle then to the provincial tradesman, that of a group of these heroes smoking their after-breakfast pipes in front of the 'George' or the 'Red Lion,' while

to chink glasses with them at the bar in the evening in their expansive hours was a thing to be remembered. It was still more thrilling for the local cricketers to confront the great bowlers of the day, though many excellent batsmen who could have played them confidently under any other name were virtually out before they left the pavilion, under the dread inspired by those of Willshire, Southerton, or Hill. They were always two-day matches, and proved generally very even ones with smallish scores. The element of intimidation partly accounted for the poor totals of the twenty-two, all of whom, being selected from a wide district, were reasonably good players. The eleven had, of course, a large field against them, and perhaps, being out as it were on their own, may have been inclined to take liberties. For the best bats of their day never, in my experience, made good scores against a twenty-two. There was a large attendance on these occasions, often swelled by the running of special trains.

In my humble opinion, there is less style among good batsmen than there was in former days. The bat, for one thing, was an utterly different weapon from the clumsy three-cornered, thick-handled one now in use. It was a slight and really graceful implement, with its comparatively thin and shapely blade and handle to match, all of which favoured wrist-work, hard cutting, and the like. The style of the chief makers, Cobbett, Page, and Daft, differed slightly. That the well-made bats had full driving powers goes without saying, but the inferior sort were, it must be admitted, rather terrible. Some umpires in country cricket were worth a good deal to their side, for after all they were but human! W. G. Grace, I believe, in first-class cricket, could on occasions cow an umpire by a look in an appeal against himself. These old-timers, however, didn't respond to cowing. They were merely patriots who had to be reckoned with.

In the 'sixties, the field was placed far more in accordance with convention. Each man walked to the place traditionally associated with its duties, and it was left to the bowler and captain in due course to modify it. The modern spectacle of nearly the whole field on the off-side, or a crowd in the slips, would properly startle the shade of a cricketer of the 'sixties. For one thing, everybody bowled at the wicket. There were no eccentric deliveries, devised to tempt loose hitting. Nearly always, too, there was a lob-bowler in reserve, though slow, twisting lobs were actually a comparatively recent innovation. For the old scientific

underhand of first-class cricket was medium paced. Lobs were sometimes very effective. It is often wondered why the art of bowling them is now so neglected. Hitting to long-leg with a 'mowing' stroke, and the left leg thrown forward, was consistently practised; while pulling across the wicket, now a fancied stroke, was fatal to a reputation, and might be compared with leaving out an 'h' in social life. Long-leg filled an important position before the days of boundaries, particularly as many square-leg hits demanded the same fieldsman's attention. Long, hard, and accurate throwing was its qualification. In regard to boundaries, the Old Charterhouse ground in London was the most eccentrically cramped one I ever saw or played on. For the buildings on three sides, to say nothing of gravel walks, pressed so close on the patch of actual playing-ground that they were not treated as boundaries, but after the manner rather of a racket court, to the bewilderment of visiting fieldsmen who had not studied the angles of rebound. No wonder the Old Charterhouse never achieved a cricket reputation. The extreme antithesis of this historic but quaint enclosure, oddly enough, was also a school ground. For I imagine that before submitted to capricious modern restrictions, the one at Marlborough saw more long-distance hits than any other in the kingdom. Below the levelled match ground, on one side, a very gentle slope, always cut and rolled for the use of many lower games, trends interminably downwards. Any number of seveners and even eighters were scored here in old days, more or less to square leg. The late Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, of Eton and Oxford fame, held the record with a niner till 1870, when a powerful gentleman farmer of the neighbourhood, whose very moderate talents lay with the ball rather than the bat, hit a tenner playing against the school. I was engaged myself on the same side and witnessed the performance. Moreover, his partner, a slow runner between wickets, tripped and fell exhausted half-way to completing the eleventh run, which was otherwise a certainty. And nimble boys used to the business, not visiting adults, were after the ball. It was sometimes the custom, and a very sensible one too, for the wicket-keeper to wear a conspicuous shirt. Indeed, shirts of various colours, occasionally those of clubs, were often seen in the field. To this day the Rugby XI wear the light blue one, adopted some eighty years ago, the only survival of the kind, I believe, in existence. And very picturesque it looks at Lord's. Let us hope no reforming busy-body will break this old tradition. But all other public school

first elevens played, I think, in white shirts, though at some schools the various houses were distinguished by parti-coloured ones. Grey or striped cotton 'Oxford' shirts, with collars attached and a club tie, became a cricket fashion at the Universities and with good clubs towards the end of the 'sixties. As a last word in costume, brown, or white and brown, leather cricket shoes were always worn, and practically no one played bare-headed. It would be hard to say whether the schoolboy's refractory and unkempt hair looks more untidy than the half-bald, shining pate of an adult looks ridiculous in the cricket field.

As Rugby School was incidentally referred to above, I should like, before concluding this article, to make note of a singularly interesting volume which now lies before me. This is no less than the printed record of most of the matches played on Rugby Close or elsewhere by the Rugby XI since 1831, as well as the full score of the ordinary school upper games. A great deal has been written about the old triangular matches at Lord's between Eton, Harrow, and Winchester. But this is a fuller and more intimate record of school cricket as played by our forebears. The first part was published about 1864 and was brought up to date in one volume in 1893. The first part alone is of general interest as presenting a picture of early cricket in one of its chief nurseries little dealt with by cricket historians. It is a quite stimulating reflection that a present-day cricketer, lighting perchance on this unique volume, might calculate with precision the school average of a cricketing great-grandfather, or perhaps check the too exuberant memories of a grandfather! Rugby was developing rapidly in cricket by the 'thirties. It had numbers, ample elbow room, the right material, and was very soon further strengthened by resident professionals. It was the only school remote from London visited by the M.C.C. in pre-railroad or primitive railroad days. Indeed the Rugby XI began visiting London annually on their own account before the 'fifties, playing Marylebone and later on Marlborough at Lord's, and very often one or two other strong amateur London clubs. They met both Charterhouse and Westminster once during these early London visits, outclassing them both completely, as they should have done with their superior advantages. Their two-day encounter with Westminster in June 1852 at Vincent Square must be quite the most extraordinary public school match ever played, though long consigned to oblivion. Rugby made some 240 runs in their two innings; Westminster (with the bat)

made 14 runs in the first innings and 7 in the second, extras bringing the totals up to 19 and 11! They capped this by giving their opponents 81 extras! But there is a curious anti-climax to this unique performance, for a Westminster bowler named Fellows took fifteen of the twenty Rugby wickets, all but one clean bowled!

Rugby were obviously very strong in the 'fifties, a foretaste of the many fine elevens and great players they produced in the next decade. In 1858 a mixed team of the Harrow XI and Old Harrovians, apparently at the beginning of the Harrow holidays, played a two-day match at Rugby and suffered a crushing defeat by 250 runs, quite sensational scoring for those days of comparatively small totals, and I well remember watching the match as a child. In connexion with the All-England v. XXII matches already referred to, I find that in 1854 the United North, with Lillywhite, Grundy, and Wisden as chief bowlers, played XXII of Rugby School and town a three-day match, and were beaten by 83 runs. The earliest Old Rugbeian match coincides, as one might expect, with the first railroad connexion. From the very beginning of these records that old time-honoured institution at all the public schools, the XI v. the XXII, is an annual fixture, so is Sixth v. School, and occasionally the School House v. the Rest, or a group of Houses v. the Rest. Inter-house matches, introduced at rather a later period as elsewhere, are naturally not recorded here.

But the book has much more than local interest, for it introduces us to all the clubs that played against Rugby in early days and their personnel. Wellesbourne and Forest-of-Arden appear in the 'thirties and 'forties as regular home and home fixtures. But in visiting strange grounds in those convivial days, all school elevens gave cause for anxiety to their authorities. By the 'sixties, though schoolboys drank beer regularly at school, and anything there was going at home, they were quite reliable, as intemperance among their seniors had by that time disappeared. Through the 'forties and later, the county clubs of Leicester, Nottingham, and Derby sent elevens to Rugby for successive years, while scratch teams from Cambridge put in a frequent appearance. In due course came I Zingari, Harlequins, Anomalies, and other wandering clubs now long forgotten. The old Haileybury (East India College), too, came frequently and seems to have had good elevens. By the 'sixties several Oxford Colleges were regularly playing the public schools. But Cambridge, where individual

college cricket for certain reasons, which I can recall from personal experience, was much slacker than at Oxford, did not follow their example till later.

Cricket in those days began before March was quite out and ran on into the first week of October. It was the same in the 'sixties. Many schools still retained the half-year system and with their staffs were released in late June to support country cricket in conjunction with such University vacation people as did not go to far countries. This old Rugby score book, from the number of club matches recorded, is a pretty faithful index of the gradual increase in scores. In the 'thirties and 'forties three innings out of four are under a hundred. By the 'sixties the reverse is the case. Individual scores follow the same ratio. Fifties are rather scarce till the decade which heads these pages, and even then were rather highly thought of, for a tradition lingered that that moderate score deserved a presentation bat. Sometimes it got one, on an occasion that mattered. The present writer acquired two by such modest achievement. Two hundred was regarded in the 'sixties as a more than comfortable start for any side in their first innings, though individual centuries were becoming more frequent. Among all the small scores, and the frequent 'rots' that appear in the early 'forties, the late Sir Albert Pell as a Rugby boy bursts upon the page with a couple of almost consecutive centuries. They must have made an immense sensation!

The famous Marylebone match described in *Tom Brown's School-days* as in Tom's last summer half, when Captain of the Eleven, is, of course, here in cold print. It was a close game, the school being beaten by 13 runs and Tom Hughes himself scoring 29 (top score) and 0. He kept wicket and also bowled a little. The year before the match was at Lord's, on which occasion Mr. Hughes and his elder brother had made the two best scores.

THE HARD ASSAY.

WHEN Mother Earth takes it into her head to turn spitfire, she has a habit of burning his nothingness into man with an uncompromising directness that makes the stars in *Maud* helplessly inefficient by contrast. For instance, early in the present century, when *Pelé* let go, she wiped out some thirty-three thousand odd persons in somewhere about three minutes and a half, and incidentally proved, by the example of the convent of La Morne, that Psalm xci. 7 is quite literally applicable to the twentieth century. This was the ordeal by fire: the victims, many of whom had admittedly been asking for trouble for some time past, were scorched out of existence. Nineteen years previously Mother Earth had engaged in a terrific conflict with Father Neptune, and as a result of the contending forces some forty thousand individuals were swept out of existence. This was the ordeal by water. Incidentally Krakatoa sent its interior some seventeen miles sky high, thereby thoroughly disgruntling sundry old theories concerning cyclones, besides causing blue moons and other celestial phenomena. Five years later another volcano without the slightest warning blew its verdure-clad summit into the air—sixteen hundred million cubic yards of mountain top—and put a new coating on the country round about. This was the ordeal by mud. The casualty list on this occasion was small, only a few hundreds, simply because there were only a few hundred people in the neighbourhood.

Ebullitions of this kind, besides being well and truly recorded in seismic and meteorological blue-books, find their way into newspapers, parents' books, popular publications, and what not. There are, however, plenty of minor outbursts which would make an intense bombardment combined with a hurricane seem relatively like a summer hailstorm. One such occurred towards the end of the last century. It did not, like the monster of 1883, make a bang that was heard three thousand miles off, send a wave of air four times round the earth, and a wave of water splashing up against Cape Horn, five thousand miles away, besides piling up an unprecedented butcher's bill, but it did create quite a considerable commotion, effected quite a considerable amount of damage, killed quite a considerable number of people, and had quite a considerable effect on the fortunes of Considine Phipps, J.P. and present Mayor

of West Invermarsh, and his partner, Joseph Barstow, J.P., of the firm of Phipps and Barstow, China merchants and ship owners of West Invermarsh and Shanghai, highly respected and respectable citizens of this realm of England.

Time was when they were neither respectable nor respected—not far indeed removed from the irredeemable position of the beach. They were an ideal combination: Joseph Barstow, solid, north-country, educated at a north-country school, brought up on the business lines of north-country manufacture, somewhat dour and cautious, with a deep undercurrent of sport; Considine Phipps of Trinity College, Dublin, Rugby Cap for Ireland, with all the fire and dash of his race and just a little of the ballast of his remote ancestor, William Phipps, premier treasure-seeker in the history of England.

Both men had taken a financial toss, and through sheer ill-luck. Incredible as it may sound, north-country firms do sometimes come croppers; more incredible still, some Irish landowners possess, or rather possessed, a sufficiency of money whereon to come a cropper. Both had sought fortune in the Colonies, and so much as the shadow of fortune had fallen on neither one nor the other.

They were an ideal combination, but hitherto they had not combined. Apart they were inert, waifs, logs drifting idly down the stream of life and rotting in the process. For the time they were as stagnant as the waters of the harbour which sweltered in repulsive staleness before them.

The harbour was very much like other harbours of that region—that is as much unlike the pictured or imagined island harbour as a railway poster is unlike the favourite watering-place it pretends to depict. Moreover it was twilight—or more accurately, quarter moonlight (there is no twilight in the Tropics). Those who have stood in that stale light on a stale-smelling wharf, looking over a stale sea from the greyness of a stale life, will appreciate. They were not ten yards apart; they were dejected; they were desperately lonely; yet neither spoke to the other nor offered to speak. Each indeed slunk away into the shadows, yet sullenly withal, as if resenting the presence of the other as an impertinence.

The wharf was like any similar wharf, dirty greasy planks, bollards, shipping, piles of bales, ropes, odds and ends of transport, terminating in a road of sorts between tenements of sorts, and shadows and sordidness and a sense of disappointment and overwork everywhere. In one of the tenements a light was burning.

Such was the aspect of the wharf at midnight. Five minutes later it was the scene of battle, murder, and sudden death. Five minutes later again it was as quiet as before and one degree more repulsive. The stale smells were pervaded with the acrid scent of blood.

The light in the tenement was extinguished. Followed the sound of a door being unlocked and opened, shut and locked. The two exiles looked incuriously in the direction. A man had come out—a Chink obviously by his costume, and after a hesitating glance round walked slowly down the wharf.

Forthwith upon his track rose a number of lithe, stealthy figures, noiseless and swift. Almost instantly the Chinaman was seized from behind, held before he could offer resistance, gagged before he could utter a sound. In front of him danced a man brandishing a knife, and beside him stood another holding in his hand something dark which Phipps took to be a deringer.

So far as Phipps could see, the man with a knife was beside himself with rage, gibbering with anger. Nevertheless he came to the swift conclusion that the *conversazione* should not be unduly prolonged lest it should come to a sudden and bloody termination. At precisely the same moment precisely the same idea occurred to Barstow, and together they charged to the rescue. Phipps let out right and left and two of the light Orientals went down like nine-pins. Barstow, with memories of football in his mind, grappled his man.

That was a mistake. His antagonist was a Burman, and Burmese ideas of the noble art of self-defence are not ours. Active as a cat, he placed one bare foot on Barstow's knee and, leaping up, brought the other knee against the Englishman's jaw, sending him down for a count of five.

That count would have lasted into eternity had not the Burman felt his knife hand seized in a grip of unimaginable power. Came a second iron grasp on his arm and he himself was sent 'the flying mare' clean over Phipps' shoulder to crash, a crumpled heap, on the wharf. Meanwhile, on the very instant, the two remaining cut-throats had left hold of their prisoner to grab for their knives, one to fall stone dead immediately, coolly shot through the back by the Chinaman, the other to flash away, a darker streak against the darkness, pursued by an avenging bullet which shore away the tip of an ear.

It was a matter of seconds. Phipps was drawing hard breaths

and looking round for the next item demanding attention. Barstow had struggled as far as one knee and one hand, the other hand nursing his head. The Chinaman, deliberately and impassively, shot dead the three remaining assailants who were still alive.

Then he spoke, very quietly, in quite intelligible English, something on this wise :

'I do not think the shots are likely to have attracted notice. Still, if the police should come and find us in this company, the consequences might be inconvenient. Come.'

He turned and walked towards the tenement he had quitted scarce five minutes before. The Europeans followed, Barstow, still half dazed, holding on to Phipps' arm. They had seen murder savagely attempted ; they had seen murder most cold-bloodedly committed, yet they followed.

The Chinaman opened the door of the tenement, and closed it after they had entered, without relocking it. It was pitch-dark within, but he knew without sight of feature or sound of voice that his companions were shrinking from him in disgust, even in horror, yet he spoke never a word. He just remained with his ear close to the door, silent, unmoved, listening. They could hear him unfurriedly recharging his revolver in the darkness. At length he spoke.

'No ! No one is coming. Let us go and dispose of the bodies.' Then, to the cold irresponsiveness—'If you do not help me, I shall have to go alone.'

Barstow and Phipps followed him.

The Chinaman paid no heed to the corpses. He stooped and picked up the dark object Phipps had taken for a deringer. It was lying beside a dull, wavy kris. It was a pair of pincers. Then he spoke again.

'This,' he said, 'was to secure my tongue whilst it was cut out, and afterwards to wrench out my front teeth. This,' touching the kris with his foot, 'was to sever the tendons of my hands. You will help me now ?'

They pitched the bodies off the stale wharf into the stale water, and turned away. As they reached the road, Barstow looked back and saw that the dull opaqueness of the surface was phosphorescent, with swiftly concentrating streaks. Then he looked away. The Chinaman shrugged his shoulders.

'Like to like !' he said. 'Those men were pirates—sea wolves.' Then, changing his tone, 'At least I can offer you better sleeping

quarters than the wharf, and I should wish to explain my action which so much shocked you. Of yourselves you can tell me as much, or as little, as you like.'

He paused, then resumed, moodily.

'Nevertheless, it is unfortunate—for you especially,' this to Phipps, 'that that man escaped. Figures like yours,'—the Irishman stood six feet two, and was broad out of proportion—'are not so common but that I fear you may be recognised.'

The Chinaman was a merchant and, on a small scale, shipowner, and tolerably prosperous withal. Much of his trade, however, was carried on through small coasting vessels, and these had latterly paid so heavy a toll to a gang of pirates that the exasperated man had offered a full year's profits as a reward to any who would close down the nuisance. The sum thus proffered was so considerable as to stimulate a certain amount of enterprise—and in the unchivalrous East dog will eat dog, with the result that those particular pirates had an exceedingly lively time. They, by way of reprisals, had marked down their man, and, but for the intervention of Phipps and Barstow, would have left him a tortured cripple *pour encourager les autres*, tortured in mind as well as body, for it had been their purpose to have told him the position of their headquarters and deprived him of all means of communicating his information.

From this hideous fate Phipps and Barstow had saved him, and he was very far from ungrateful. Nevertheless, the situation was full of difficulty. Amongst commercial men there are none more honest or capable than the Chinese, and in Barstow—Phipps was outside the pale of commercial politics—he recognised, after a very few minutes clever questioning, similar qualities of a high order. On the other hand, Anglo-Chinese partnerships are regarded with disfavour by the merchants of both nations, and, if they prosper, it is generally *quocunque modo*. For the moment, however, planning was very nearly waste breath. What was immediately required was capital, and that in a larger amount than the generous Chinaman could afford to advance, or, for that matter, the sensitive Englishmen be persuaded to accept. It was very generally agreed, however, that the present port was likely to be anything but a health resort for any of the three, and the two made no difficulty about accepting a passage to the mainland, together with some 'temporary accommodation.' The Chinaman was detained by business, and proposed to follow in a day or two. His main concern was to get Phipps safely away.

Thanks to the energy, which was energetic, and the influence, which was influential, of the Chinaman the two suspects were afloat early the following day. Although somewhat scamped as to sleep, Phipps was in the highest spirits. The unfamiliar sensations of a round sum of money in his pocket and a square meal elsewhere, together with the relief of being quit of what he termed with great directness and accuracy 'that blasted beach,' had produced a most exhilarating effect. He even valed into poetry: 'Fair laughs the morn and soft the zephyr blows,' and so on till he had arrived at 'helm,' when Barstow cut in with an emphatic 'Rot!'

'Rot!' he repeated. 'Rot! Skittles! Bosh! You have got everything wrong you possibly can, and in record time. A more sullen, depressing morning is unimaginable. The "zephyr" has come straight from an oven or somewhere else, and don't seem to have made up its mind as to what to do; the sea is not azure but dirty mud; this gallant, gilded vessel is one of the crankiest old tubs ever held together by providence. We have a wizened octogenarian at the prow and a cross-eyed Joss of the Hump at the tiller, and—what's that away to the south-east?'

'Thunder, I should say,' replied Phipps, his good humour not in the least perturbed. 'Rum clouds those,' he continued with a sudden accession of interest. 'Very strange. They look like volumes of smoke pouring out of some Brobdingnagian brewery.'

Barstow snapped his fingers impatiently.

'Never mind the cloud!' he said. 'Look at that craft away down there—it looks light against the blackness of that cloud-reek. She's no steamer, I take it, yet how comes it she is moving, and moving fairly quick, when we are becalmed?'

'No good at conundrums. Never guessed a riddle in my life. Give it up.' Phipps laughed inconsequently and a fraction impatiently.

Barstow felt inclined to hit him in the eye.

'Sweeps!' he explained tersely. 'An up-to-date trireme, and not driven by Chinese cheap labour neither, and that's where we may find ourselves before the day is out. What!'

Phipps did not understand. It was characteristic of the man that he should take the changes and chances of this mortal life with a dare-devil light-heartedness: it was characteristic of the north countryman that, even when stranded on the beach, he should try to learn all there was to be learnt—of practical importance.

'Slave-driven!' he explained. 'And that's where you and I

may find ourselves before the day is out. Yes, chained to a bench, with a handful of dirty rice and a mouthful of dirty water for meals, and the lash for a tonic. And,' with a shrug of his shoulders, 'when the patient fails to respond to the treatment—cut out and jettisoned to the sharks.'

He had been speaking with the cold deliberation of conviction. Then suddenly his anger broke out.

'Couple of accursed fools! We learnt only last night that some pirates had a special down on that Chinaman. We know they knew he was at that port, and on the top of that knowledge we set off in one of his boats. I only hope that fellow who got away last night is not on board yonder.'

Laughter is infectious. Not less so is irritation.

'Bosh!' returned Phipps. 'Bosh! Because you've got an attack of funks——'

'Funks be hanged!' returned Barstow. 'That fellow would not stay a minute longer ashore than he could help; he had a long eight hours start and more, and that craft makes two feet to our one. So much for your "nonsense."'

He snapped his fingers and was turning away angrily when he stopped with an exclamation. Away to the south-east the strange cloud-reek had descended on the face of the waters, blotting out in dim obscurity all that was thereon. All around, on deck, sails, and sea, showers of dirty, sticky smuts were slowly settling.

'What is it?' asked Phipps in a subdued voice.

Barstow shook his head.

'Don't know,' he replied gloomily. 'Might be a November day in Leeds,' he continued more brightly, with cheery reminiscences of the amenities of the homeland. 'Anyway it will puzzle that craft to find us in this.'

'Besides which there's a breeze coming along,' concluded Phipps. 'So we're all right.'

All that day they coasted along the edge of that uncanny vapour, now and again submerged in its shade, now and again breaking into sunlight patches of bright ocean which stretched sparkling away to the north. Evening was at hand, the sun's rim was nearing the horizon, and still there was no sign of their sinister companion of the morning. Then came darkness with a clap.

Through the grey twilight of the moon and the blackness of the hours before the dawn the two Europeans slept peacefully. Barstow had waked once and again to scan the darkness and sink

back in relief, but Phipps never moved till close on sunrise when he turned uneasily and sleepily cursed the crew for scuttling about and making a row. With the sunrise he opened his eyes, and on the instant sleep flashed away into alarmed wakefulness.

Close at hand, right across the tremendous splendour of the uprushing sun, were two salient bars of glowing ebony which delineated themselves, as the senses cleared, as the masts of a ship. Then, as his startled eyes sobered to actualities, he realised the menacing foreground, a row of bronze-hued figures lined along the bulwarks, silent, impassible. The ship had been carried with one swift, stealthy, ordered rush, without shadow of warning, almost without shadow of resistance. The steersman indeed was hanging limp across the tiller, scarcely more sound asleep than when, a bare five minutes ago, he had been roused to his last awakening.

They were artists in torture, those Malaysans. For full ten minutes they remained still, without sound or movement. At length one—he had a bandage covering one ear—stepped forward and pointed to Phipps. Along the line of boarders flashed a glitter of teeth and a murmur of assent. Then the same inexorable silence. At length Phipps grew weary. He felt in his pocket and lit a cigarette. The match put a light to the magazine of savagery.

The two Europeans were seized and pinioned. Then the butchery commenced.

The aged look-out was the first victim. He was brought before a tall, very handsome man, of somewhat Jewish countenance, who appeared to be captain of the gang. He forthwith spat straight into the handsome face and was immediately stabbed to the heart. Subsequent developments showed that the aged man had chosen the wise part.

Now these developments are not here set down for the sake of cheap, blood-curdling, hair-raising sensationalism. Similar well-authenticated happenings have befallen ordinary, everyday, decent citizens, such as the editor, the author, or the reader, and that within the memory of man, and of man not so very advanced in years. The first item in the programme of sport was a fairly fat sailor. They set a float of light bamboo and cork round his neck, stuck a skewer into his shoulder with a bit of rag attached to it, after the manner of a golf-flag, and turned him overboard to drift. When he had gone some twenty yards, they started pistol practice.

At the second shot a spoil-sport shark came along and interrupted

the pistol practice. This gave the idea of shark-fishing *à la strap-pado*. At length only Barstow and Phipps remained.

Both had kept a stiff upper lip. Both in their own somewhat indefinite but solid way feared God. Consequently neither feared the Devil nor his plenipotentiaries. Phipps' coolness so exasperated the man with the wounded ear that he took a leaf out of the aged mariner's log and spat in his face. Phipps retaliated with a tremendous kick that lifted the offender clean over the bulwarks and so to the sharks, to the huge amusement of the Malaysans. Their sense of humour is acute if unconventional.

This comic interlude, however, caused neither difference nor delay in the setting of the star-show of the piece. The stage management was admirable, worthy of its author. The curtain was in other hands.

The general outline of the hell-born scheme developed itself rapidly. Torture of the mind in watching the agonies of the crew had already been inflicted. Now was to come torture of the body. They were first of all to make sport for the Philistines, then, crippled and anguished, they were to be set afloat on a raft to choose between a lingering death by thirst and starvation or a quick ending in the maws of the sharks. The tragedy of it all was that, whilst the men were knocking together a raft out of the spars and planks of their prize, the Cymric liner, *Idval*, passed within six miles. A reference to the underwriters at Lloyd's will enable the curious to fix the date and place of these happenings.

At length the preparations were complete and the victims were lowered on to the raft and allowed to drift astern on the gentle swell, accompanied by an escort of black fins.

At a distance of twenty yards, the chief opened the ball. He was a very pretty shot and planted an expanding bullet just below one of the black fins, sending the brute into a flurry that made the raft rock dangerously. This was sufficiently amusing, but when he supplemented the performance by placing a shot between Barstow's feet, the hilarity of the pirates knew no bounds. For Barstow had been startled, so startled indeed that but for a quick grip of Phipps' mighty hand he would have fallen overboard. Then the sun went out.

The sun went out. It was as if a gigantic veil of intensest blackness had been shot across the eastern sky, shuttering out the day, and simultaneously came the sound of a terrific detonation that made the very ocean quiver. At that tremendous concussion

the passions of man quailed into awed silence. All stood, pirates and victims, straining their eyes eastward. In very truth for the moment at least they had forgotten about each other.

By and by light began to come again, a timid, weakly light that now seemed to shrink from showing itself, now burst out in splenetic flickers of feeble anger.

Quick along the track of the light came the waves, smooth low rollers, radiating as it seemed from some common centre and flashing into spray where they crossed the lines of the regular swell so that the whole surface of the sea appeared to be covered with irregular breakers that started into foam and slipped away into smoothness without order or warning. Then the whole eastern horizon seemed to lift.

The horizon lifted and closed in, a thick line of deep indigo flecked here and there with livid patches. It dwarfed the intervening billows with its immensity.

It advanced with prodigious rapidity, eating up the smooth swell in its onrush and twisting the breakers into whirlpools. It was a sight to appal the bravest, yet the pirates, fiends incarnate, never lost nerve. Time was galloping, yet no crew could have made swifter or more masterly preparations to meet the onrushing enemy of water. In the few minutes between the sighting of the great roller and its coming they had cut loose and won clear of their prize and got the head of their own vessel round. Then came a livid blister of foam and the two long masts whirled round and shot out of sight. Phipps and Barstow, prone to the raft, were not fifty yards distant. Another second and the crest of the billow had slipped from under them and they were falling, falling, falling down the vast incline on the other side.

They clung blindly to the lashings, with terror gripping at their hearts, fear, not of that long, sickening downward slide, but of the whitherward; and in very truth, right in front, it seemed that hell from beneath was moved for them to meet them at their coming. The heaven was sheeted with a veil of blackest ebony, yet with an insistent sense of glowing heat, and across this vibrant curtain shot flashes of purple, violet and crimson with the speed and intensity of some infernal aurora. Below earth had opened her mouth and was belching out great columns of fire and of fiery smoke.

An intervening billow hid the appalling prospect and, when next seen, it appeared, by an ocular illusion as they thought, farther

of
ay
th
mo

as
tha
and
out

gen
raft
foun
wav
imp
and
thir
on a
swept

T
haus
horro
to t
mech
tired
out
fashi

N
life a
to hi
unhe
Throu
crust
minut
a dair

They
gorge

off. A few minutes and they realised that they were being swept, ay, and rapidly, away from the glowing jaws of destruction, and that the incredible velocity of that first mighty roller had made the motion over the following billows seem retrograde by comparison.

For more than an hour they were borne along, neither so much as troubling to raise his head and look round, so sure were they that no ship could have crossed the path of that rushing deluge and lived. They just hung on in dogged resolution, almost without hope, wholly without despair.

They were roused from their apathy by the water making a gentle but distinct upward slide. There was a checking of the raft's motion, a drag, a stop, a little spurt of foam and they found themselves lying on a tangle of vegetation. The following wave just lipped their feet, and each successive billow, as the first impulsive energy weakened with time and distance, receded farther and farther, till they found themselves far above high water, thirty feet and more, with the sea still falling away. They were on an island, or rather islet over which those mighty deluges had swept like the besom of destruction.

They were in no case to heed such things. They were exhausted in brain and body, their minds dazed with tumult and horror, their arms wrenched and aching with the strain of clinging to the raft. In weariness and painfulness, the overtired limbs mechanically obeying the half-expressed commands of the overtired brain, they scrambled to an open space. There they struggled out of their drenched clothes and even spread them out after a fashion to dry, and so dropped asleep.

Not for long. The sun savagely blistered them back into life—life and fierce thirst and aching hunger. Primitive man sharpened to his primitive needs. A tiny tinkle, passed unheard or, if heard, unheeded in normal conditions, called to them like wedding bells. Through the brine-soaked herbage they dragged their brine-crusted bodies. The tinkle blossomed into music. Another few minutes and they had reached the extremity of a little ravine, a dainty, fern-clad furrow in the hill-side—

'Whose scattered streams, from granite basins burst,
Leap into life and sparkling woo your thirst.'

They revelled in the joy of it. Just at the edge of the dip a gorgeous tree, shaken and despoiled by the ruin of water, had

scattered its rich plum-like fruit at their very feet. They were in Eden. Suddenly Barstow spoke.

'There have been folk here before us. That's a beaten track along the stream-side down there.'

Phipps looked and one glance sufficed. Then the two looked at each other and again one glance sufficed.

Thorn and crag took the place of fern and moss lower down the ravine. The two men crept back to where their clothes had been left, and then stealthily down the hill-side.

The track by the stream had been trodden for scores and scores of years. It led up from the woodland below and terminated in a deep rift in the crags. Just at the entrance of the rift Phipps stopped.

'I wonder,' he said, 'if by any fluke we have tumbled on old man Chink's reward. The place looks piratical enough—'

Barstow shot an impatient glance over his shoulder and made as to step forward. Then he stopped with a gasp.

'It is Golgotha,' he exclaimed.

It was Golgotha, the place not of one skull but of hundreds, piled in pyramids on either side of the entrance, ranged in forbidding rows along the walls. Phipps regarded them with sober unconcern.

'I see,' he said, after a while. 'We've struck a head-hunter's museum, a sort of Dyack *Père Lachaise*. All the same,' he peered into the dark interior of the cave, 'all the same I wonder if these skulls are set here for a purpose—bogies, you understand?'

'Bogies?'

'Yes, gnomes, guardians of the treasure, to scare away people. Anyway, I am going to see,' and with that he slipped away past the ghastly cairns into the gloom. In a few minutes he was back and in his hand a torque of virgin gold. It was thirty inches round and just over an inch in diameter.

'There are piles of these,' he said simply, 'and any amount of loot beside.'

With that they pushed into the cave and waited—waited till their eyes had become accustomed to the dimness.

It was abundantly evident that Phipps's surmise had been right. They had stumbled on a pirate store-house, and that not for one crew only. There were stands of arms for over a hundred men along the walls, besides quantities of ammunition. There was a medley of treasure, a miscellany, boxes obviously of European manufacture with their contents almost untouched, jewel cases

and desks that had been rifled, a cheque book on a Paris bank, a Cook's ticket, and so forth. Pure gold bracelets and torques were abundant. The gentle Dyack, even when out on business, cannot resist having a go at his favourite pastime of head-hunting, though for some reason this particular community seemed to have some objection to putting the spoil of these forays on the market. Barstow was specially interested in the torques.

'An ounce of gold,' he soliloquised, as he stood in the opening of the cave examining a specimen, 'is worth roughly five pounds, and roughly gold is about a cubic inch to the ounce. Here,' he called, 'my long-legged friend, just bring along that bit of ribbon you're playing cat's-cradle with and we'll figure out what this is worth.'

Phipps strode up to him with white face and blazing eyes.

'Do you know what this is?' he demanded, holding out a delicate piece of linen work, daintily laced with blue ribbon. 'It is a girl's bodice, a little girl's bodice, a little English girl's bodice. Now do you understand? Yes, we will figure out what these are worth, and then——'

He dropped on his knees and registered a vow to high heaven to expend his share to the uttermost farthing if need be to wipe off this curse from the face of the waters.

Barstow was scarcely less moved, if less demonstrative.

'You will not find me backward,' he said grimly. 'All the same it strikes me that the first thing we have to do is to get away from here.'

'Oh, that will be all right,' replied Phipps. 'I feel it. Man,' he continued earnestly, 'what were we sent here for? We saw that pirate go down, but her crew can only have been scores amongst thousands that must have perished, and here we are miraculously—miraculously picked off the beach, miraculously preserved and set here, with every incentive in our hearts to rid the ocean of this scourge, and wealth at hand to do it withal.'

'Ah—hum!' commented Barstow. 'I make no doubt that we are in the track of vessels—of sorts, and I make no doubt that a signal from yonder summit would be seen before so many hours are out, but—but, if it brought any relations of our friends of this morning, I don't see that we should be so much better off.'

'Quite!' assented Phipps. 'That is so. Some of them may not be so far off either. In any case it can do no harm to take a look round.'

Very painfully they scrambled to the crest of the islet, a ragged stack of splintered crag. Up from every cranny and cavity went a visible steam as the fierce sun tore the aftermath of the great wave skyward, leaving in its place unsightly deposits of livid brine. It was just a rugged mountain top which had been momentarily submerged. At sunrise all the natural savageness of craggy slope and wild ravine had been masked by a gracious mantle of living verdure. Now the whole eastern face was plastered with shattered timber and sodden vegetation, most desolate to behold, and everywhere, everywhere on all sides were traces where the great hand of the ocean had closed on it and crushed out the life. All at once Phipps exclaimed :

‘Hullo. What’s this?’

‘This’ was a long brass cannon, all bedevilled with moulded dragons, most terrifying in aspect however inefficient in action. It was standing vertically, muzzle downwards in a great stack of shattered timber. That timber was what had been a ship.

It had been rasped up the hill-side, a scrannel harrow dragged by relentless force—the trace of the ruin was marked for a hundred yards and more, here a pitiful flutter of torn sail, there a shattered bulwark, a splintered mast, a crumpled boat, and here and there corpses. There were but few of these—the remainder had been swept into the Beyond, but they were most dreadful to behold, their belts still stuck full of the implements of murder and the Devil’s trade-mark on their distorted features.

All along the eastern shore the proud waves, stayed once more, broke and chafed in impotent rebellion. Almost at the feet of the castaways, however, lay a little land-locked harbour, fenced from the turbulence of ocean by a tortuous passage to the north. The surface was almost as still as that of a mountain tarn.

Bone-weary as they were, the two men scrambled down to its margin there to read the tale of harbour and beach. The one was littered with gently moving spars, planks and masts, the other jumbled with wreckage. Broad written thereon were the death-warrants of five ships—five at least. They counted carefully. Then spoke Barstow.

‘My friend,’ he said, ‘it seems we have over-estimated our place in the plans of Providence. Your pirate *shikar* will not come off. A Higher Power has taken the matter in hand.’

‘Ye-es. Yes,’ assented Phipps, almost reluctantly. ‘Of course, it is so—it must be so. But——’ looking Barstow squarely

in the face, 'if it is so, how comes it that we have been spared? Why?'

'To give us another chance in our worthless lives. And, my friend, we must see to it that we make good. There may be no next time.'

The rest of the story tells itself. They were taken off not very many hours later by a Yankee skipper, having omitted to signal sundry other birds of passage of less reputable appearance. The American possessed many estimable qualifications. He was China-bound; he was kindly; he was enthusiastic about his own profession. Particularly was he delighted with the passengers' interest in the methods of finding latitude and longitude, especially with regard to the particular islet on which the said passengers had been cast away. Some time later he received a handsome windfall from nowhere—conscience money Phipps called it to Barstow.

The rest of the story tells itself. Of course they retrieved the loot, aided by the amiable Chinaman, who even more amiably undertook to have the bullion, etc., converted into specie without troubling Government, English or Chinese, with tiresome valuations as to treasure trove and so forth, and, what is more, fulfilled his undertaking. The two outcasts thus had a monarch's ransom at their disposal and in Barstow a man of at least average business ability to manage it.

Stay! There is one item of the rest of the story that does not tell itself, to wit, that Phipps developed business capacity a great deal above the average, at which no one was more surprised than the striker. Also there was another surprise—that is, a surprise to everybody but the partners and one other, viz.: their extraordinarily intimate, almost intuitive appreciation of the intricacies of Chinese commerce.

The Chinaman had not been ungrateful.

CLAUDE E. BENSON.

BIRD-WATCHING FROM A CAMP BED.

A DIARY OF TWO DAYS.

BY WINIFRED MELLERSH.

I.—THE FIRST DAY.

PICTURE the end of a day in early June—a day of intense heat. Picture a white-blue sky, a garden in which not a leaf stirs, and in it a victim moored to a bed, there for many a long month, with hands almost too weak to hold a book—what to do?

‘What to do? What to do?’ calls a voice from the top of a birch tree. ‘*What to do?* To-morrow, look at us! Listen! Listen! Watch! Watch!’

And from the bosket beyond the wall a Ringdove sighs with ecstasy, ‘How love-ly! How good! So soo-thing! So true!’

‘Hurry up! To-morrow—hurry up! Hear me! Hear me! Look! Look! Look!’

The victim did.

.

Early Morning on the Morrow.—Neighbour Cuckoo awakened me at 4.30. I counted up to thirty-nine calls, and then I do not know whether it was I or the bird who failed to record any more. His must be an undisciplined household to require so much rousing in the morning.

Later I was again awakened—by a glorious outburst of song.

Even in my drowsiness I listened for the end of the phrase to determine whether it was a Lesser Whitethroat or a Chaffinch, and as the few bars finished with a twist and a twirl I sleepily murmured ‘Chaff. . . .’ and rolled over. . . .

Thenceforward I turned many times to the rollicking tune of Mr. Chaffinch, and at last I saw him with the morning sun on his salmon-coloured waistcoat. The very personification of cheeriness, he was shouting to his womenfolk that there was work to be done, and that *he* would sing to encourage them while doing it. He is the heartiest and most blustering of fellows and, you might depend upon it, he would address you as ‘Old Chap!’ with a clap on the back after an hour’s acquaintance—or less.

.

Tom Tit and his wife are extremely busy feeding their family.

They have honoured me by building in my box on the cedar tree, and I am enchanted, although I feel it is the only return they could make after my attentions of the winter and spring when, for whoever cared to come, there was always refreshment at my window. During the hard weather there were daily queues of Tom Tits, Marsh Tits, Cole Tits, and Great Tits—but these last gorgeous birds could only with reluctance condescend to be seen in a common crowd while the quality was stirring; at first they never came after 10 A.M. save on exceptionally severe days. When outdoor food became temptingly plentiful, when the Great Tits disappeared, and even the Cole Tits no longer pecked viciously at the cocoa-nuts, the Toms never hurt my feelings by missing a day—hardly an hour. As the spring came Tom smartened himself up; he sent his yellow waistcoat and blue jacket to the cleaners, and brilliantined his top-knot till it was irreproachable—needless to say that on his next visit Tom was accompanied by a lady! Thenceforward the same ceremony was always observed: Tom would alight on one cocoa-nut, look about, then chirrup and beckon to her, and she—a nice, homely little thing, a trifle on the dowdy side—would meekly obey her lord and master and perch on the other. Now these small people have—to judge by the amount of provisions taken into the house—a large and thriving family. He is a hard-working, domesticated little man, and his wife is equally persevering in her quest for food. She cannot spare from her children the time necessary to mislead the world, so she flashes straight into their box; but he shuns publicity and perches on any branch except those near his nest, as if to make you believe he is a mere spectator with no nearer interest than a holiday loungeur surveying an esplanade crowd—only with a maggot instead of a cigar in his mouth.

Four Cuckoos fly overhead, rollicking about, pursuing none too straight a course, and cuckooing uproariously in four different keys, a token that all the birds are males, for the female only makes a whoffling noise. There is a theory that Cuckoos congregate during the dark hours; apparently these roysterers were bachelors or grass widowers, who had been making a night of it and were going home with the milk in the morning.

Morning.—The installing of myself and my bed under a copper beech is followed by the discovery that, slightly to the rear, there is a Blackbird's nest in a thick ilex bush, a position as secure, one

would have thought, as a condemned cell. Yet the whole structure rocks when Papa or Mamma returns from a foraging expedition, an arrival heralded by loud squawks from the brood, the flapping of stumpy wings, and the outstretching of ungainly heads with wide-opened beaks.

Papa believes in doing things in an ostentatious masculine way, taking home a bunch of worms, one for each child. He collects, say, six, and if it takes him more than half an hour, and if he drops two morsels in picking up one, it is no matter; he knows the green lawn is very becoming to his glossy black suit and yellow-ringed eyes, and it is not a man's job to be always at home. Mamma, on the other hand, believes in small profits and quick returns, only one tit-bit a journey and, let us hope, no favouritism, each child in strict rotation. When all parental supervision is removed the youngsters pass the time by pecking at each other, with eyes as chief targets. So much for this happy home.

Several Starlings descend in search of ground-bait. They are plebeian people and—like a horsey man—do not appear to advantage on foot. Frankly, they waddle, but their flight is direct and beautiful, and much can be forgiven to them for their colouring. They have not the education of the upper classes, and show their stupidity and lack of judgment continually. They prod the turf without discrimination, mandibles wide apart, only extracting on an average one prize for every thirty digs. I have seen a Starling carry to his nest a stick five times too big to fit into the cranny where the foundations were laid, an action which showed the same sense of proportion as the munitioneer who installed in his cottage two pianos and a harmonium—and no one to play on them. Another time I saw my friend triumphantly bearing a spray of laburnum, but whether it concealed some insects wherewith to feed his family, or whether he was an embryo artist with the instinct to decorate his home, I know not; at any rate it was eventually rejected and joined the pile of derelicts below the nest.

Adelina Patti—that daintiest of wee birds, the Willow Warbler—has been singing most alluringly. At first she was some hundred yards away, and her song floated to me—liquid, rippling, with no harsh note. Then she flew into sight in her yellow-green frock and yellow stockings, poised on the topmost spray of the birch, and just crooned a little melody. It was exquisite, but Mr. Chaffinch, sitting on a lower branch, said to himself 'By George!

I can make more noise than that!' He did, and Adelina flew away in high disdain.

But—no hen bird ever sings, so 'Adelina,' gown and all, was a *he*.

One would take him for a little old gentleman, this Spotted Flycatcher, as he sits hunched up on the telephone wire. High-shouldered, short-necked, his body is quite motionless save for a faint and balancing twitch of the tail, but his head perpetually turns round from side to side—mechanically, slowly and stiffly. He looks cramped and aged. Then see him on one of his short, periodic dashes after a winged insect, and you see the very quintessence of virile, agile youth. His sight, his speed, and his skill in sharp turning are marvellous, and it is rarely that anything eludes the snatch of that long, sharp beak as it closes with an audible snap. Yet perhaps the greatest marvel of all is his power of concentration. Intent on a fly or a gnat he has brushed past me, almost touching my face; he has sat for a moment on the end of my bed—on the very counterpane itself; and even closely approaching footsteps did not stir him from his post on the croquet hoops. Where the flies lurk, there lurks he—high or low according to the weather. It was a beautiful sight, one year, to see—evening after evening—four Flycatchers chasing one another round and round the same cedar-tree. However, the Flycatcher is no long-distance flier, he is a sprinter pure and simple, and on his sprinting depends his livelihood.

Jenny Wren is, manifestly, a Cartoon.

When the original design for a Wren was being made the artist drew a head and shoulders of reasonable size, but then found that space on the paper was running short. It was a hot day, and energy to fetch another sheet was lacking, so he made the body absurdly small, and even then found that there was no room for a tail in the place where it should be. But a bird would not be a bird without a tail of a sort, so the artist added a very small one tweaked in an unusual direction to make it fit in somehow.

To atone for this indignity the greatest care was exercised upon the model's decoration—minute brown and rusty veinings, neat spots and stripes, and a soft fawn waistcoat finished the picture.

An astounding song was given it, long and strong, not melodious but full of cheer and sparkle, precise and with a wonderful 'whrr' in the middle, just like a mechanical toy-bird at the Stores—and very good value for your money, too.

Then, as no one with a tail carried at *that* angle could be down-hearted, the bird was endued with a brisk and bustling jovial spirit, causing it to break into song almost every day of the year. As a crowning touch it was called, regardless of sex, Jenny Wren—and the bird has made merry over this small error ever since.

The most lovable, laughable little Cartoon that ever was.

But if one adult Wren brings a smile, what about a whole large family of babies? Fluffy rotundities, like animated knobs on the twigs where they sit—hissing, gaping, sucking—they are caricatures even of their absurd parents.

Afternoon.—Hedge-sparrows have taken the flat two stories above Tom Tit in the cedar-tree. The residence is quite fifteen feet from the ground, which is unusually high for Hedge-sparrows, who generally patronise the mezzanine or ground floor. One year some Hedge-sparrows settled themselves in a dumpy juniper bush, and exquisitely lined their nest with the soft grey and white hair of the sheep-dog, lying ready to hand, whereas the Robins—only a few trees farther up—had been at some trouble to procure hairs from a horse's tail, serviceable doubtless, but uncomfortably wiry for the babes.

Mrs. Hedge-sparrow has just been quietly foraging on a corner of the lawn near me; such a dear, industrious, dainty wee soul in her neat brown overall with dark grey facings, all the accessories down to the tips of her trim toes matching exactly. She is the typical good, demure little housewife, practical and unobtrusive, with a natty nest, eggs a charming blue, and children undoubtedly well and copiously fed. At the bath these little birds quite properly stand on their rights and, if firmly ensconced on the floor, will drive away the ubiquitous Sparrow, but if they are perched on the dish rim—drinking—their hold is too precarious to allow of rash movements, and one is reminded how rarely the Hedge-sparrow is seen perching or clinging. Their call-note is utterly melancholy, and although their song is quite taking, some notes sound so harsh, so almost harassed, that it is possible Hedge-sparrows allow themselves to be over-cumbered with household affairs, and are Marthas 'of the careful soul and the troubled heart.'

Two Lesser Redpoles pass overhead. Even at a distance they can be recognised by a curious, wavering, uncertain flight and a ceaseless twitter. As these little birds zigzag through the air—changing their minds and their direction every second—one hears them gossiping and scolding like maiden aunts. They

drop on to a birch tree, and from its very top proclaim their tittle-tattle. Although from the ground redcaps appear black, plainly visible at the throat is the knot of rose-colour with which—like a country lad a-courting—their sober brown is enlivened. True little fidgets, it is only for a moment that they stay, then hurtling through space they go—tongues still wagging.

Tom Tit has just battled home with a fat green caterpillar. He generally flies very low, in the vain hope, I suppose, of not being seen, but as the light catches on his blue back it makes him all the more attractive. He looked very weary, and evidently retired into the privacy of home to mop his brow after his labours, for he was some minutes gone, and I was quite relieved to see him emerge—spruce once more—and settle on a red rose bush, where he had, all to himself, a good square meal of greenfly.

'Whit! Whit! Whit!' rapidly calls the Nuthatch, and flies on to an old apple tree quite near me. Up and down and round about the limbs he runs, stripping off the bark and hammering away with a mighty swing of his body to search for buried insect treasure. Equally at home in any position (it is said that he sleeps head downward) he is a fascinating fellow to watch, and his beautiful colouring is that of a summer sky at sundown after rain—pinky-buff in the west and heavy blue-grey to eastward.

There is a rapid decisiveness in all his actions and utterances; one cannot imagine the Nuthatch ever being in two minds about anything.

In the winter his somewhat snake-like head and unwieldy body would suddenly appear over the edge of the parapet. A single appraising glance and he would swoop on to the fancied food and be gone with it. There would not be any of the Robins' bobbings and scrapings; none of the Tits' wordy flutterings, nor the Chaffinches' deliberate mastication and lordly surveying of the prospect; no stealthy gobbles and impending attacks of hysteria such as the Blackbirds'; there would be just one snatch or a rapid cramming of his bill—and flight. Yet he was brave, and would hop inside my French window if he saw on the floor anything particularly desirable. Meaty morsels, from remnants of breakfast sausage to bits of gristle, appealed to him enormously. With the universal present-day idea of saving labour, he preferred cracked hazel-nuts to those uncracked, but, pre-eminently, his choice was for kernels chopped.

I would that I could have followed his flight (a flight, by the way, singularly level for so short-tailed a bird) to see how he dealt with his swag. It is certain that the uncracked nuts must have been stored, for in no other way could he have dealt with them so quickly and been back again, scaring the Robins and Chaffinches, and causing them to tuck up their toes safely out of the way of remorseless, calculating stabs from that long, black beak.

Once upon a time a Greenfinch looked at himself in a mirror: 'Sapristi!' he exclaimed triumphantly. 'Anybody might take me for a Canary—given the right light!' Carefully posing himself and enjoying the reflection, he tried a little song. For one bar he trilled quite prettily, then he abruptly halted. 'Parbleu! A little practice and I should *sing* like a Canary!' So he tuned up and began his trill once more, but always at the end of the same first bar, dissatisfied, he stopped, cleared his throat and started all over again.

Centuries ago this was, but the Greenfinch still spends his singing-season, as at this moment, from dewy morn to dewy eve, over the one bar of trill and the many bars of tuning-up—and his tuning-up is not, like that of a Festival Orchestra, a thing of beauty. For a long time he sits—not shifting his twig after every phrase as the Chaffinch, but in the same spot—patiently practising and practising. Yet the Golden Hour never comes. Small wonder that his nest is, compared with others of the Finch family, untidy and badly built, and his call-note a raucous, complaining scream. Still, hope springs eternal in the breast, and perhaps to-morrow the poor fellow really will arrive successfully at a second bar.

Evening.—Caruso is one particular Blackbird who sings divinely and looks like a shopwalker—a magnificent, sleek, sprightly, inordinately vain shopwalker. His voice is marvellously flute-like, with no harsh or indifferent note, and he sings the most wonderful trills and *bravuras*, such as no Blackbird ever sang before, moreover he can achieve them on the wing. His beauty is slightly marred by a bare patch on his chest, whence many feathers were lost in combat with another Cock Blackbird. Not that Caruso is by any means quarrelsome: he simply fails, like the Emperor of China, to conceive that there can be anyone else of importance in his kingdom, and, as with his Celestial Magnificence, the inevitable decree for any aspirant is 'Off with his head!' But, for the moment, Caruso has no retainers, and his wife is busy,

so, as it would be beneath his dignity to become executioner to his own Court, he merges the office into that of chucker-out and gracefully allows the intruder to depart, ruffled but still possessed of his head.

Caruso has a dislike, as of the Middle Ages, to bathing, and the only time I have seen him (or for the matter of that any Cock Blackbird) at the Public Bath, was when he ejected and kept at bay a Starling, and, to justify his arrogant behaviour, took one perfunctory and distasteful dip. Being an artiste he is wasted on manual labour, and has small taste for it. Having but a paltry skill in worm-hunting, he indulges in aggressive robbery—Thrushes being as a rule the victims. (Yet do not misunderstand me: I would not suggest, not for a second, that in such a lapse he resembles a singer, a shopwalker, or an Emperor of China.)

Caruso, you are greedy, you are idle, you are vain, you strut and you maraud, yet—one rapturous song, one chuckling twirl filled with the pride and puff of life . . . and we fall at your feet . . . your slaves.

‘The nightingale has a lyre of gold,
The lark’s is a clarion call,
And the blackbird plays a boxwood flute,
But I love him best of all.’

A terrible outcry from the house-roof where the Starlings have nested in the angle of the gutter. Mr. and Mrs. Starling stand on different vantage points, desperately flapping their wings and screaming ‘Murder! Help!’ To my horror I see that the entrance to the nest is blocked by a portly black figure; the poor things dare not attack this grey-headed Hun of a Jackdaw, three times their size, and as he sails away unmolested I see dangling from his beak a limp *something*. . . . The parents pitifully bewail their loss, and relate the tragedy in detail many times . . . then they go to a sad counting of the nestlings, and I am left to feel remorse that I have ever spoken slightly of them and theirs.

In sad contrast to the merry-makers of the morning is a melancholy hoarse Cuckoo who, with every passing week, has become more depressed, until now he has well-nigh reached desperation. Evidently he has not been able to obtain even the one-fourth or one-fifth of a wife which, we are told, is all that a Cuckoo can expect to have nowadays, and if he is the untidily clothed

bird I have seen about, it is not surprising, for that appearance and voice combined could not charm any heart. Talking of clothes, my ambition is to see a Cuckoo quite close at hand, to determine whether he really wears the trousers with which he is always depicted.

Perhaps the most distinguished visitors to my haunt are those who, after a five minutes' meaningless halt on a tree-top, have just flown away—to wit, a pair of Hawfinches. I watched them with a distant reverence—a reverence which does not aspire to intimacy. One longs to coax and fondle a Willow Warbler, a Tit or a Robin, even a Thrush or a Blackbird, but a Swift or a Hawfinch never. Despite their beautiful colouring, the impression they left was of something ponderous and sinister. The hard blue sky effectively backgrounded their medley of primrose, dull pink and buff, and gave an equally telling outline to the massive bills, large out of all proportion to the head, making the birds resemble many cruel ones on earth who are all nose and no brains. Combine this monstrous beak with a cold and calculating eye, and the whole is not lovable, yet in the nursery maxim 'Handsome is as handsome does,' and the Hawfinch neither despoils fruit trees nor—like that butcher the Shrike—impales his victims; he lives on nuts and berries, harmlessly on the whole and not unhandsomely. If he has a weakness for green peas and an occasional plum—well, it is a sorry wight that has not.

With the lengthening of the shadows there steal on to the lawn from every nook and bush numerous Blackbirds and Thrushes. It is like the stealthy entrance from the wings of the chorus of a ghostly operetta—an operetta in which there is no music and very little action. The Blackbirds and Thrushes alike move in spasms of four or five steps, more glide than patter, with marked halts. But the Blackbird is a nervy bird, and as he pauses he furtively glances from side to side; his wife is more stolid as befits a matron, still it is left to the Thrush to be the bold, brave bird. Over the sward he struts, a veritable Johnny-head-in-air, and self-possessed at that, never making a foolish movement or aiming without killing. His speckled vest is immaculate, and his back—just where the waist should be—is hollowed in a fashion which would do credit to a Savile Row tailor.

(To be continued.)

MISSILE WEAPONS IN WAR.

THE practice of disabling or destroying an enemy in battle by missiles propelled by hand or artificial means dates from remotest antiquity, and it may be interesting to trace its development from the very primitive methods prevailing centuries before the Christian Era to the elaborate fire-arms at the beginning of the Great War.

No doubt the first missiles so used were stones or darts propelled by the hand, which method developed gradually into artificial propulsion by slings and bows. The sling was in use long ago for many centuries, and, if we can accept certain statements in the Old Testament as accurate, it must have been quite a formidable weapon in the hands of skilful marksmen. Thus, in the Book of Judges xx. 16, we read of 700 chosen men of the tribe of Benjamin, left-handed, every one of whom could sling stones 'at a hair-breadth and not miss.' Further, in 1 Chronicles xii. 2, slingers are mentioned who could use both the right hand and the left in hurling stones. Undoubtedly, too, David's historical shot which killed Goliath was, though at short range, a fine piece of marksmanship and good nerve.

There is also a record of much later date that slings fastened to the end of a short pole could send a stone 500 yards and penetrate a thin iron shield, a feat I find hard to believe, and the difficulty of hitting any mark at such a distance must have been extreme.

In addition to Biblical references there are many others from various sources which indicate that the sling was quite a recognised weapon for warlike purposes. Frequent mentions of it are to be found in Homer, Thucydides, and Livy, and such great commanders as Cyrus, Philip of Macedon, Alexander the Great, and Hannibal employed slingers as mercenaries; Caesar also used them to cover his landing on the coast of Britain. The Balearic Islands seem to have produced the most expert slingers—we read of their beating off quite a serious naval attack. On one occasion, at the battle of Navarrette in 1563, Spanish slingers, probably Balearic men, for a brief period got the better of English archers, but the long-bow soon asserted its accustomed superiority. In his account of his defence of Chitral, so recently as 1895, Sir George Robertson relates how the Pathan besiegers slung stones at the garrison with

considerable rapidity and accuracy, but by taking cover and dodging, the garrison only suffered trifling losses—in fact the stones inflicted little more damage than the showers of abuse with which the Pathans favoured our men.

But undoubtedly for many centuries the long-bow, especially in the hands of English archers, was the queen of weapons, and practically reigned alone. In accuracy and penetration the cross-bow may have been its equal or even its superior, but in the all-important particular of rapidity of shooting there was no comparison between the two—the long-bow could discharge six arrows as against one bolt from the cross-bow.

The use of the bow dates very far back—it is mentioned in the Hindoo 'Rig Vedas' some thousands of years ago: 'May the bow be victorious in the heat of the fight—the bow fills the foe with terrible fear—may the bow give us victory over the world,' and so on. There are many representations of archers using it to be found in Assyrian and Persian sculptures, in the mural decorations of Egypt, and on Greek vases and coins. Among savage races its use has not died out yet, and in civilised countries its supersession by the fire-arm was a very slow process.

That the bow held its own in England so long—it was quite 300 years after the introduction of fire-arms that it was finally superseded—was mainly due to the extraordinary skill in its use attained by our bowmen, the result of long systematic training enforced on all classes of the community. Every Sunday practice was carried out on ground provided by the parish—at Eton in the Playing-fields, known then as now as the Shooting-fields—by all males from the age of seven to sixty. The bow, roughly speaking, was to be the height of the archer, the arrow half the length of the bow, the materials for the bow, the string, the arrow, and its feathers, were strictly laid down. It is curious that women's hair was sometimes used for the string. The targets were generally movable, the distances shot at depended on the age of the archer. Those above twenty-four were forbidden to shoot at a shorter range than eleven score yards. Compare this with the distances at which modern toxophilites compete, which range from sixty to one hundred yards.

In action it seems probable that the bow in the hand of an ordinary marksman had an effective range of 300 yards. But so recently as 1795 there is a very well attested record of a truly remarkable shot by a Turkish attaché in the grounds of the

Toxo
disch
of th
who
attac
the a
thous
incre
TH
in tra
a long
chiefly
due to
1402,
and t
years
knigh
his ar
fortun
At th
Englis
Poicti
overth
The
as doe
there i
of the
gunpow
was th
especie
in 151
extent,
was on
In 154
were g
archery
and by
discard
of Leip
was wo
in the

Toxophilite Society in London. The arrow was a very light one discharged by a small bow, both of which are now in the possession of the Society, and, as measured by three members of the Society who witnessed the exploit, the arrow travelled 482 yards. The attaché said the Sultan of Turkey could shoot much farther than the above distance, and was credited with a range of nearly a thousand yards. This, however, was not well attested and seems incredible.

That our ancestors were well rewarded for the trouble taken in training them was proved by the numerous victories won over a long term of years from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries, chiefly over the Scotch and the French, which were almost entirely due to skilful archery. Thus in the battle of Homildon Hill in 1402, the Earl of Douglas, enraged by the slaughter of his men, and trusting to the goodness of his armour, which had taken three years to make, charged the English archers with some eighty knights similarly equipped, but to no purpose. Five times was his armour pierced and he was taken prisoner, and a like misfortune overtook those of his companions who were not slain. At the battles of the Standard and of Falkirk later on, the English archery was terribly rapid and deadly; and at Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, the French were just as decisively overthrown.

The penetration of armour as described above seems incredible, as does the feat of transfixing two stags with a single shaft of which there is a record, but if only approximately true, the long reign of the bow is not to be wondered at. However, the invention of gunpowder in the fourteenth century, soon followed by the fire-arm, was the doom of the more primitive weapon, though it died hard, especially in England. The victories of Flodden and Pinkie Burn in 1513 and 1517 over the Scottish revived archery to a certain extent, and fresh regulations for its practice were issued, but this was only ephemeral, and the use of fire-arms steadily gained ground. In 1547 that ancient body, the Honourable Artillery Company, were granted the privilege of carrying fire-arms, and eventually archery degenerated from a military practice to a mere pastime, and by the end of the eighteenth century the bow was practically discarded in civilised warfare. But so late as 1813, in the battle of Leipzig, Colonel Marbot, the well-known French military writer, was wounded, as were some of his men, by Bashkir archers serving in the Russian army.

There is an account in the 'Memoirs of General Thiébault,' one of Napoleon's generals, of a display by Bashkirs which, if true—and there seems no reason to doubt its accuracy—reveals a degree of skill with the bow almost equal to that of Robin Hood and his merry men. He put up a target at about 100 yards off, on which was a bull's-eye, the size of a crown piece, and offered a prize of a crown to the first marksman who hit it. This the second competitor achieved with his first shot. The General offered two more similar prizes, the first was won with the first shot and the next with the third. More recently a brother officer of mine, Captain Alexander, and a few Riflemen, were wounded by arrows at the storming of Fort Birwah, in the Indian Mutiny.

The discovery of gunpowder in Europe in the fourteenth century soon led to the invention of fire-arms. At first gunpowder was used for cannon, very primitive specimens of which were used at the battle of Cressy in 1346, but these were soon supplemented by shoulder guns. With these the great difficulty was to ensure an easy and certain method of igniting the charge in the barrel, and this was at first attained by the simple process of applying a lighted match to a pinch of powder on a touch-hole which communicated with the charge as was done with the cannon, but this was improved upon in several ways by a succession of more handy weapons with quaint and suggestive names, arquebus, hackbutt, snaphaunce, matchlock, wheel-lock, flint-lock, etc. In these the original touch-hole was moved from the top of the barrel to the side where a pan was provided for the priming powder, which was ignited by various contrivances, much the best of which was the flint-lock, in which the impact of a steel hammer on a flint struck a spark which ignited the priming, communicating with the charge. The musket thus improved had a very long innings, and under the name of Brown Bess, presumably derived from Queen Elizabeth, lasted till the reign of Queen Victoria, the last issue being made, for foreign service only, in 1842.

The great drawback in all these methods was the exposure of the priming to wind and rain, both of which rendered the musket innocuous, and when this happened, infantry were at the mercy of cavalry. The invention of the bayonet to some extent remedied this, the musket became a useful pike, and in the hands of steady troops was an effectual defence against a cavalry charge. Nevertheless there were many instances when large masses of infantry were ridden down by much inferior numbers of cavalry, notably at

Dresden and Waterloo, though in both instances the ground was heavy from rain.

The first British General to realise the value of systematic training in musketry was the Duke of Marlborough, who, to show his interest in it, would put his whole army through the platoon exercise by flag signal and drum taps. There is a curious description, quoted by Mr. Fletcher in his 'Life' of the Duke, of a fire encounter at the battle of Malplaquet between the 18th Royal Irish Regiment and an Irish Brigade serving in the French Army. The description is not as lucid as could be wished, but it apparently indicates that the Royal Irish fired six volleys to one of their opponents; if so, the rout of the latter is easily accounted for. The good example set by the great Duke does not seem to have been followed by his successors, but there are records of some quite good shooting in action, especially at the battle of Fontenoy, when it is said the first volley fired by our men laid out 400 Frenchmen.

Fighting was at very close quarters in those days, a remarkable instance of which occurred at the battle of Alexandria. A French Hussar, who attempted to cut down Sir Ralph Abercromby, the British Commander-in-Chief, was shot by a Highlander with a ramrod, the bullet having been dropped out of his musket. It was laid down that fire should be withheld till the whites of the enemies' eyes became visible, and the mass formations usually adopted afforded so large a target that it was hardly necessary to aim—it was sufficient to direct the musket straight to the front, keeping it level, and firing as rapidly as possible. Thus rapid loading and firing were all-important, and in these respects the smooth-bore musket was far superior to the rifle.

The principle of rifling, the imparting of a spinning motion to the bullet on leaving the barrel by grooves cut in the bore, was known in quite the early days of fire-arms, but there were solid objections to its adoption for military purposes. It was essential that the bullet should exactly fit the bore, and as the grooves speedily got fouled by the explosion of the powder, ramming the bullet down on the charge required considerable force, and the process of loading became dangerously slow. This drawback did not exist to anything like the same extent in the smooth-bore—the bullet being smaller than the bore could be easily pressed down, and loading was much easier and more rapid. The amazing inaccuracy of the fire, except at very short ranges, did not much matter in the close fighting of those days. Rapidity of fire not

being so important in big-game shooting, the rifle had been used for sporting purposes long before it was adopted by the military. Still the importance of rapidity of loading was not lost sight of, and this was much increased by the adoption of the cartridge in the Swedish Army under Gustavus Adolphus, and later on by a still more useful invention, the percussion cap by the Rev. Alexander Forsyth in 1809, by which the open pan and exposed priming, so often the cause of missfires, were got rid of, and the rapidity of loading greatly increased. This, however, being a novelty was ignored by the military authorities. Sportsmen were not so short-sighted—we read in 'Pickwick' how Mr. Winkle, out rook-shooting in 1827, had a missfire owing to his omission to put on the cap. But it was several years later that the cap was adopted by the Army. At the siege of Jellalabad in 1841-2, the 13th Regiment were still equipped with the Brown Bess, and when I came to Chelsea Hospital ten years ago I found a few nonagenarian pensioners there who had learnt their drill with flint and steel.

Meanwhile, the rifle had been in common use in America, both in sport and war, and if we can credit the accounts given by Fenimore Cooper, in his well-known Hawk Eye series of books of adventure, of his hero's feats with the rifle, he must have run Robin Hood's archery, as described by Sir Walter Scott in 'Ivanhoe,' very close, but both accounts must be received with caution.

In 1800 a cautious step in advance was taken in the British Army—two British regiments, the King's Royal Rifles and the 95th Rifle Corps, were armed with the Baker rifle. It was only sighted to 100 yards, and was so difficult to load that a wooden mallet to hammer down the bullet was issued to each squad. In 1837 the Baker gave way to the Brunswick, a rifle with two deep grooves into which a spherical bullet with a belt round it was fitted, which was sighted up to 300 yards. I have seen it used against fallow deer; it was accurate enough but very heavy, fouled badly, and was as difficult to load as the Baker, probably the reason why its use was not extended to other regiments. It was used in the Kaffir wars of 1846 and 1852, and a Rifleman who had used it then told me that after the mallet had been given up he often rammed the bullet down by hammering the rod against a tree. In 1876 I took part in the Jowaki Expedition on the North-West Frontier of India, when one of these bullets wounded an old Sikh native officer in the neck. The rifle from which it proceeded had probably been stolen from the 60th Rifles who had been in the

Punjab thirty years before. In the Anglo-American War of 1812 we again met with the rifle, and it is significant that three British Commanders-in-Chief—Brock, Ross of Bladensburg, and Pakenham—were killed by its fire.

In the 'forties of the nineteenth century, inventors were busily at work and many improvements in fire-arms resulted. One of the most important was the discovery by Delvigne, a Frenchman, that if a little hollow chamber was made in the base of an elongated bullet the gas generated by the explosion of the powder would fill the chamber and expand the bullet so that it would fit the grooves exactly. This meant that a bullet smaller than the bore could be used, and thus the difficulty of loading was surmounted. The discovery was opportune, and in time for the Crimean War, in which our Army was equipped with the Minié rifle, though a few regiments landed with the old Brown Bess. Though an advance on previous weapons the Minié was far from satisfactory, and it was speedily superseded by the Enfield, a thoroughly useful rifle sighted up to 1000 yards, with much longer range, and this had a reign of about sixteen years.

As has been so often the case with most advances in equipment and weapons, the introduction of long-range rifles met with strong opposition from the old-fashioned reactionaries to be found in all armies. It was objected that long-range fire was contrary to the traditions of the British Army, which had won so many victories at short distances, so no change was desirable. It is very remarkable that Sir William Napier, the famous historian of the Peninsular War, in most ways an advanced Radical, shared this view. His belief in the efficacy of the old-fashioned musket was encouraged by an extraordinary shot fired at the battle of Fuentes Onoro in Spain. 'A Spaniard had ridden close up to the French Cavalry line, brandishing his sword and menacing their troopers. . . . The Duke of Wellington was earnestly watching the French, and this grotesque figure continually passing before the field of his telescope disturbed his vision and he impatiently said "Will no one put that dancing fellow aside?" "I will, sir," said a corporal of the Guards, and stepping forward levelled his musket, fired, and the Spaniard fell dead from his horse. It was thought at the time to be a mile, it could not be less than three quarters.' If it was anything like the latter distance the shot could not possibly have killed the man, and it may be that the effective bullet was fired at the same moment at a shorter distance from another rifle. The shot was very

unfortunate, for the victim was an officer of the Guerilla leader, Julian Sanchez. He had killed a Frenchman that morning, dressed himself up in his uniform, and was capering before the dead man's regiment when he was shot, and Julian Sanchez was so angry at this accident that at a critical moment of the battle he refused to move.

The breech-loader had come into use in the sporting world in the early 'sixties. I remember being one of a shooting party in January 1865, in which most of us were using guns of that pattern. For many years Prussia, then hardly recognised as a first-class Power, had been armed with a breech-loading rifle, but this does not seem to have attracted much notice. It was not quite unknown, however, for in 'The Rifle Rangers,' a book of adventure by Mayne Reid, there is a description of some long-range shooting by the needle-gun, as it was called, in the American-Mexican War of 1848. Even its use in the German-Danish War in 1862, strange to say, was hardly noticed.

Public opinion in England was strongly in favour of the Danes, and the Government of the day narrowly escaped a vote of censure in Parliament for not going to their assistance. In one way it was fortunate that we did not—we could only have put a small Army in the field (in which I should probably have found myself serving), and that armed with an obsolete weapon, so we could hardly have escaped disaster. However, a Committee was appointed to go into the question of breech-loading, but before it had reported the results of the Austro-Prussian War of 1866 fairly startled public opinion all over the world.

The Austrian Army was regarded by many as the best in the world, and yet in seven weeks it lay prostrate before the Prussians, a disaster very largely due to the needle-gun. The Austrians with their muzzle-loader were defeated in seven out of the eight battles fought in Bohemia, the main theatre of the war, and at Trautenau, the only victory they won, they lost more than four times as many men as the Prussians. There was no getting over this, the most obstinate opponents of change were silenced, and muzzle-loading was doomed. Our military authorities were thoroughly roused, and their action was commendably prompt. Before the year was out, the Committee of Investigation recommended the adoption of the Snider-breech action, an excellent makeshift expedient by which every rifle in the service was converted into quite a useful breech-loader at the cost of about two and sixpence a weapon,

and in a few months the whole Army was equipped with it. So far as I know the only campaign of any importance in which British troops used the Snider was in Abyssinia in 1868. There was fighting outside Magdala, the capital town, from which Lord Napier, the Commander-in-Chief, derived his title, in which some four thousand Abyssinians were heavily defeated, losing well over two thousand men, while our casualties were only about thirty, one of the cheapest victories we ever won.

There was one point in which the breech-loader was markedly superior to any muzzle-loader—it was impossible to make any mistake in loading. In the heat of action, especially with imperfectly trained troops, it was not uncommon for the cartridge to be rammed down the rifle bullet foremost, in which case it could not be exploded. In the din and excitement of battle this might escape notice, and the man might continue loading and firing as he thought, but whether the subsequent cartridges were put in properly or not did not matter, the original mistake prevented their explosion. Many hundred rifles were picked up in the American Civil War loaded in this way, some of them with five or six cartridges in them.

Another advantage of the breech-loader was claimed by Captain Hozier, author of 'The Seven Weeks' War of 1866,' of which he was a witness. He says:

'A man with an arm on the nipple of which he has to place the cap naturally raises the muzzle in the air, and in the hurry and excitement of action often forgets to lower it, and only sends his bullet over the heads of the opposite ranks, while the soldier armed with the breech-loader keeps his muzzle down, and if in haste he fires it off without raising the butt to his shoulder, the shot still takes effect, though often low, and the proof of this is that many Austrian prisoners were wounded in the leg.'

I have never heard elsewhere of this theory, but it may be true.

The Snider was not meant to be permanent—its range was not long enough, the bore, .577, was unnecessarily large, involving a very heavy bullet, and, viewing the rapidity of modern fire, a smaller and lighter bullet was necessary so that the soldier could carry an adequate number on his person, and a strong Committee was appointed to go into the question of an improved weapon.

It should be noted that the Volunteer movement had been in existence for some years, and much greater interest was being taken

in military matters, especially in connexion with musketry, than had hitherto been the case. Highly expert and technical evidence was forthcoming from outside the Army, and Lord Spencer, Lord Elcho, and Mr. Edward Ross, all prominent Volunteers and rifle shots, served on the Committee. Their investigations extended over several years, and about 160 rifles and 50 kinds of ammunition were considered. The decision arrived at was in favour of a rifle with .45 calibre, the Martini breech action, and the Henry barrel, and in 1871 it was definitely accepted. It was by no means perfect, its chief defect was a weak method of extraction which seriously affected the rapidity of loading, and it also kicked badly. However, it held the field for several years and was used in the Afghan and Egyptian Wars. But the days of the single loader were numbered, and it began to be realised that it had become obsolete and would have to give way to the magazine.

Various rifles of this pattern had been known in America for many years, and some of them, the Spencer, Henry, and Winchester, had been in use towards the end of the Civil War. The Southerners said that the Yankees had got a rifle which they wound up all night and fired off all day, so that it had evidently created a useful impression on those who suffered by it. The drawback in all these rifles was that though a number of shots could be rapidly discharged, the process of loading was comparatively slow. The Continental Powers were for once in advance of England, and in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8 magazine rifles of rather primitive patterns were used on both sides, and it became necessary for us to follow suit. More Committees were assembled, and the eventual result of their deliberations was the adoption of the .303 Lee-Metford magazine rifle. There was some opposition to the adoption of so small a bullet as .303; it was objected that there would be a dangerous diminution of stopping power, and there was some truth in this. A Sudanese Dervish or a Pathan-Ghazi on the rush takes some stopping, and a more civilised warrior might take courage from the knowledge that to be hit by a small bullet did not necessarily mean certain death or even a dangerous wound. I have known two cases of a bullet through the heart, which not only did not kill, but the victims were but little the worse.

But whatever the objection to a light bullet might be, viewing the extraordinary rapidity of modern fire, it was inevitable. In the old wars the soldier carried forty rounds on his person, and

that, supplemented by what he could collect from casualties, was usually sufficient. But with the magazine rifle, forty shots can easily be fired in three or four minutes, so 100 rounds is the modern soldier's load, and then he often runs short.

This rifle was first used at the battles of Atbara and Khartum in the Sudan campaign of 1898. I was present at Khartum, another of our very one-sided victories, and, from a spectacular point of view, it was a wonderful sight. Our Army, some 8000 British, and 14,000 Sudanese and Egyptians, was drawn up in a curved line, the two British Brigades and the Artillery on the left, the remainder on the more exposed flank. This arrangement seemed somewhat faulty—the British, armed with magazine rifles, with their flanks on the river, on which were gunboats with long-range guns, and partly protected by a *zareba*, were in an impregnable position, while the Native troops, with single-loading Martinis, were in the open, where no thorn bushes for *zareba* purposes were to be found. Soon after dawn masses of dauntless Dervishes charged with a war-cry that could be heard quite a mile off, affording a target that could hardly be missed, and carrying a forest of parti-coloured banners waving defiantly and constantly sinking to the ground as the bearers were shot, only to be raised again by fresh men. We opened fire at about 2000 yards, assisted by the artillery and quick-firing guns from the river, and the enemy simply melted away in thousands. Only about 150 of them got within 200 yards of our line, and it was to these desperadoes that most of our losses were due. They were mostly killed by machine-gun fire, and none of them remained standing. It was computed that the Dervishes lost 8000 killed, and 16,000 wounded.

There is a description by the Roman poet Horace of a victory won by the Romans under Claudius over German barbarians, which applies with very remarkable accuracy to Khartum. It runs thus :

‘ Ut barbarorum Claudius agmina
 Ferrata vasto diruit impetu,
 Primosque et extremos metendo
 Stravit humum sine clade victor.’

I give a rough translation : ‘ How Claudius overthrew the iron-clad hordes of barbarians with overwhelming shock, and mowing down their front and rear ranks, the victor strewed the ground with them in bloodless victory.’ Some of the Dervishes may have been wearing armour—we found several suits in Omdurman—

our fire reached their farthest lines, and our losses were quite inconsiderable, a few hundreds against many thousands.

My next experience in the field was the South African War of 1899-1902, but I doubt if, from a musketry point of view, we learnt very much from it. My service was chiefly in Natal where we had to deal with a very elusive foe, very clever at taking cover, and seldom affording a satisfactory target. There was a great deal of long-distance firing on both sides, but owing to the invisibility of the Boers, and the wide extension of our men, the losses, compared with those of the Great War, were quite insignificant. Undoubtedly also in our attacks on the strong positions of Vaal Krantz, Monte Cristo, Llangwani and Pieters' Hill, we owed a great deal of our comparative immunity to the admirable co-operation of our artillery. The bursting of shells over the entrenched enemy made them keep their heads down, and their firing was consequently high and ill directed. A vast amount of ammunition was wasted on both sides. I wonder what the percentage of hits to rounds fired was—I should say one to three or four thousand.

South Africa was my last campaign, but when Commander-in-Chief in Ireland from 1908 to 1912 I saw a great deal of musketry practice in the annual rifle meetings, and soon realised the extraordinary advance made in musketry since my young days. It was held then that the important distances were from 150 to 400 yards, all the firing was at fixed targets at known ranges and carried out in the most leisurely fashion. The course was so arranged that many of the men seldom or never fired at the long distances at all. All this has been corrected, and full opportunities are afforded to all for learning to shoot, for which their seven years' service gave them plenty of time.

After all said and done in improving the fire-arm and instructing the men in its use, the results were very disappointing, and the proportion of hits to rounds fired was astonishingly low. I believe the highest were the 1 hit to 80 rounds by the British at Inkerman, and the 1 to 125 at the Alma. I don't know whether any attempt has been made to ascertain the proportions in the Great War, and the introduction of the machine-gun using the same bullet as the rifle must make any calculation of this sort impossible.

As long ago as the Peninsular War the fire discipline of the British Army was well known, and Marshal Bugeaud, in his immortal description of the British soldier in action, lays great stress

on the restraint and accuracy of his firing, and in these important respects there has been no falling off, and I doubt if the firing of the original highly trained Expeditionary Force has ever been surpassed. In support of this claim ample evidence can be produced even from German sources, but it is notorious that they still hold, or pretend to hold, that their losses were caused by machine-gun and not by rifle fire. I quote two instances. On October 15, 1914, the Buffs were ordered to take the village of Radinghen and the ridge beyond. A portion of the firing line, nineteen men under Company-Sergeant-Major Brady, on reaching the brow of some rising ground, observed a German battalion in close formation about 250 yards off. The Buffs at once opened rapid fire, and absolutely wiped it out. The Germans made no attempt to charge, and were apparently so overwhelmed by the intensity of the fire that they did nothing. This account was given by an eye-witness.

The following is taken from a German account of what the writer saw. He was a Captain Bloem, Company Commander of the 1st Battalion 12th Brandenburg Grenadier Regiment, Third Army Corps, a novelist of some repute, who was called up from the Reserve to take part in the Great War. In the advance on Mons the regiment had halted for breakfast, the front having been reported clear, but before they had finished bloodstained Hussars galloped in and reported the enemy near at hand in the next village. All is confusion for a while, then the captains are summoned to the battalion commander, who says 'Maps out, gentlemen. The village, Tertre, in front of us is occupied by the enemy. Strength not yet known—the regiment is attacking, supported by three batteries,' etc. The Brandenburgers deploy and advance by rushes, fired at by an always invisible foe, and losing men every time they rise. The British fire gradually seems to die down, the company gets to within 150 yards, and the order passes: 'Now for a general rush of thirty yards, then fix bayonets and storm the houses.' Captain Bloem continues:

'The enemy seems to have waited for the moment of the general assault. He had artfully enticed us up to close range in order to deal with us more surely and thoroughly. A hellish fire broke loose, and in thick swathes the deadly leaden shower was pumped on our heads, breasts, knees. Wherever I looked, to right and to left, nothing but dead and blood-streaming, sobbing, writhing wounded.'

The unfortunate remnant lie glued to the ground (more fire,

apparently from their own people, is poured into them) until night comes, and they creep back half a mile knowing that they are beaten. Captain Bloem has lost all his five officers and half his men. He meets his battalion commander, who lays his hands on his shoulders, and with shaking voice says 'My dear Bloem, you are my sole and only support . . . you are the only company commander left in the battalion . . . the battalion is a mere wreck (*Trümmerhaufen*), my proud, beautiful battalion.' And so it was with the regiment—'shot down, smashed up, handful only left; and the full consciousness of defeat soaks in—heavy defeat. Why not admit it? Our first battle is a heavy, unheard-of heavy defeat, and against the English, the English we laughed at (*verlachten*).'

Had Captain Bloem been aware that the enemy's 'strength unknown' that knocked out the Brandenburg Regiment was one company of the Royal West Kent Regiment with the assistance of a few dismounted cavalry and a cyclists' company, he would have been still more despairing. It was the odds of Agincourt over again—10 to 1. Truly the men of Kent have not degenerated in the years that have passed since that glorious day.¹

NEVILLE G. LYTTELTON.

¹ The above description was taken from the *Literary Supplement of The Times* of June 19, 1919, but the figures do not entirely correspond with those given in the 'Official History of the War.'

Let me add that as regards archery I have been much indebted to the volume dealing with that subject in the Badminton Library, and for musketry to Colonel Fremantle's 'Book of the Rifle,' both of which will well repay perusal.

JOHN WHITE OF SELBORNE—AN UNKNOWN NATURALIST.

GILBERT WHITE of Selborne was the eldest of several brothers. Of Thomas, F.R.S., who inherited a handsome property, and retired from business to occupy himself in continuing his botanical and literary studies, and in writing, chiefly in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, on a great variety of subjects; of Benjamin, the most important publisher of natural history works in his time; and of Henry, the hard-working and vivacious rector of Fyfield, Hants, something has become generally known through the numerous editors of their eldest brother's book. Indeed, Henry White was the subject of a CORNHILL article by his great-grandson, another Gilbert, Bishop of Willochra, which appeared in July 1920 under the title of 'White of Selborne's Brother.' Little has been heard, however, of another brother, John White, who was certainly a man of very considerable parts; and, but for an unkind fate which prevented the publication of his work on the natural history of Gibraltar and Southern Spain, entitled 'Fauna Calpensis,' one who might have achieved a name as a naturalist, not even second to his brother Gilbert, of Selborne.

Born on September 29, 1727, at Compton, in Surrey, John White was his parents' fifth son and eighth child. When he was about four years old his parents settled at the now well-known house, 'The Wakes,' Selborne, and in this naturalist's paradise he grew up to manhood.

Nothing is on record of his school days; but he undoubtedly received the same excellent education which his father was careful to secure for his other sons, and on March 12, 1745-6, he was admitted to a Surrey scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, whence he became B.A. in 1749. Endowed with perhaps too abundant spirits, John White's undergraduate career was very different from that of his eldest brother's at Oriel; he was, in fact, a particularly disorderly student, and in 1750 the time came when his conduct forced the College authorities to terminate his career at Oxford. There was no question of any conduct involving personal dishonour; but the kind offices of his brother Gilbert, who rode up to Oxford on his behalf, and an appeal to the Visitor of the College, were unavailing.

This contretemps, nevertheless, did not prevent John White's ordination three years later, in 1753, when he undertook concurrent duty as a curate in Barnet and in London, where Gilbert White's College friend and lifelong correspondent, the Rev. John Mulso, saw him in 1754, and wrote of him as 'a very smart parson.' The intervening time seems to have been spent at Selborne, where, with the assistance of labourers and some pecuniary aid from his family, he constructed the now well-known zigzag path up the Hanger. The above-mentioned correspondent, a shrewd judge of men, on hearing of John White's ordination, had written to express his satisfaction, 'as he had good sense to quit every youthful folly which would misbecome the Order, and learning enough to make a very good figure in the Church.' This opinion was, in the event, amply justified.

John White had not yet, however, entirely sown his wild oats! Pecuniary embarrassments, and an imprudent marriage in 1754 which was seriously disapproved of by his family, rendered it desirable to obtain a more lucrative position than his curacy, which brought him in only £40 a year; and in 1756 he quitted England for a military chaplaincy to the garrison at Gibraltar, where he remained for sixteen years. From this time there is no trace of any wildness of disposition or conduct; in fact he saved money by economical living, and in time discharged his debts in England.

A regular correspondence was maintained from 1758, the date of their father's death, between him and his brother Gilbert of Selborne, though the first of the letters now extant is dated May 26, 1770, by which date it appears that John White was, like his brother, keeping a naturalist's journal, and was compiling a local natural history; and in this and subsequent letters from his brother his growing interest in zoology is apparent, while he repaid his correspondent's stimulating inquiries and criticisms by frequently sending him collections of birds, insects, etc., by 'the Liverpool frigate.'

In 1771 John White was corresponding with Linnæus (1707-1778), and also with his brother's friend, Pennant, to the 'great satisfaction' of the Selborne naturalist, who wrote to Pennant, 'What with his [John White's] natural propensity, and application, and from the copious field of the South of Spain, which he has all to himself, I doubt not but that in time he will be able to produce somewhat worthy the attention of men who love these studies.'

From an expression in a letter of Mulso's, of November 1, 1769, it appears that John White had become 'tired of the Rock.' He was probably anxious to rejoin his son, who had been brought by his mother to Selborne in this year, where he became for some time his uncle's pupil and occasional amanuensis.

This he was able to do in 1772, arriving at Gravesend, after a passage of thirty-seven days from Cadiz, on July 27, to take up the living of Blackburn, Lancashire, to which he had been presented by the Archbishop of Canterbury, no doubt on the recommendation of the latter's twin brother, Lieut.-General the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, the Governor of Gibraltar: 'a very good living,' as Mulso (ever an adept in the research of endowment) wrote, in reply to an inquiry from his Selborne friend, 'but overcharged with duty, and eaten up with curates.'

The new incumbent was in no hurry to settle in the cold climate of north Lancashire; but, with his wife and son, spent his first winter in England with his bachelor brother at Selborne, whence he wrote to Pennant on March 16, 1773, that he was collecting 'all my scattered remarks on the Natural History of Gibraltar,' and to recall 'those anecdotes that I have sent you from time to time, especially those relating to fishes and birds.'

In the following May he went into residence at Blackburn, and continued, as Gilbert White wrote on August 20, 1773, 'my most steady and communicative correspondent.' The brothers frequently urged each other to visit their respective homes, but in each case clerical duty prevented the visit, and they contented themselves with frequently discussing natural history on paper. In a letter to his brother dated July 15, 1774, Gilbert White notes that the latter's 'Fauna' was 'swelling fast. You must publish a quarto work; every man now publishes in quarto'—as, in fact, the writer himself did in 1789; and in the following August his brother replied that he was 'drawing towards the conclusion of my insects, and shall then proceed to quadrupeds, birds, and fishes.'

From the following extract from the elder brother's letters it will be seen that Mr. (afterwards Sir) Aston Lever, who was residing at his seat, Alkington Hall, near Manchester, was of great service to John White in the preparation of his natural history work. Writing in February 1774, Gilbert White remarks: 'Lever is a generous man, and is of vast service to you by lending you all his books'; and a little later he again refers to Lever's wonderful

generosity and helpfulness by means of his books. In the course of this year (1774) Lever moved to London with his museum.

In the autumn of 1774 John White visited London, where the brothers met for the last time, the former having come up to receive his son, now fifteen years old, and about to leave school at Holbourne, near Alton, Hants, in order to embark on his apprenticeship to a profession. Next year John White was hard at work on his book, his brother conjectures in a letter of January 5, 1775, and 'able to make dispatch of your larger articles, now you have finished the small ware of your insects. Frequent enquiries are made about your work; and the Nat. world expects good things at your hands. . . . Pray provide a good many cuts for your work; plates at present recommend a work.' And this was also the opinion of Benjamin White, he writes on February 1, 1775, 'for it is the fashion now to look in picture books.' A considerable number of drawings of John White's specimens had been made by an artist employed by Pennant. Writing on June 18, 1774, Gilbert White had mentioned that Pennant had 'lately sent twenty-nine more drawings to brother Benjamin, being the whole that were copied from your Gibraltar cargoes.'

But John White had other work in hand besides his book, since his brother goes on to commend him for 'taking all your duty on yourself.' A little later the Blackburn vicar sent his brother copies of his own 'Gib letters,' i.e. letters originally written from Gibraltar, which he had reclaimed. These the latter pronounced 'very entertaining' in a letter of March 9, 1775, adding that 'the spirit for natural history that you left behind you is by no means evaporated; neither is your mantle worn out.' The letter mentions a complaint from John White 'of some reserve on Benjamin's side respecting your work,' and recommends its author to ask for a definite sum, adding in a postscript, 'Sure your "Fauna" should sell for £100 clear of all deductions. Mr. Pennant gets that sum for his new edition of "British Zoology," and your work will contain much more new and original information. I want to see you the first of Faunists.' Continued progress was made, and the elder brother, writing on October 4, 1775, remarks: 'Your "Fauna," to which I think myself at least a foster-father, is become, I hear with pleasure, a fine thriving child. . . .'

On January 30, 1776, the title of the proposed work is discussed from Selborne: 'Brother Ben: objects to a Latin title to an English Book. Suppose you call it "Fauna Calpensis, or a Zoological

History of Gibraltar, etc.," for Natural History it must not be called, since the plants are wanting.' He goes on to warn his brother against making the title-page Linnæan—'there is such a spirit gone forth against whatever is Linnæan'—and enjoins him to procure 'a good Perspective western view of the harbor, town, and hill of Gibraltar to fold in as a frontispiece, with references; it will contribute to explain many passages. You will have, I find, near one thousand pages, and eight hundred species.' This letter combats an expressed intention of John White's to 'print for himself,' recommending instead that Benjamin should 'print and publish for you in the usual terms.' An oil painting of the Rock was accordingly made by John White, with some shipping by Francis Swaine, a marine artist, inserted in the foreground, in accordance with the above advice; this picture is now in the possession of descendants of Gilbert White's sister, Mrs. Henry Woods.

Writing again on March 5, 1776, the same correspondent tells his brother that 'Brother Thomas by no means approves of your title of "Zoological Anecdotes"; he thinks the latter too mean and unworthy of a great book. He rather thinks that you should say "The Natural History of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and insects of Southern Spain, with etc.," and recommends "something *savoury* concerning migration" for the title-page, with as much as possible regarding "*vegetation*," adding that "even Bishops studied Botany in order to recommend themselves"!'.

From another letter from Selborne of February 27, 1777, it appears that the title 'Fauna Calpensis' was chosen chiefly because John White had told Linnæus that he should call his book by that name, in order that if Linnæus mentioned it by that title, 'as he certainly will,' the resulting credit might not be lost. The book was now ready, or at least was in the market, for in the following May it appears from another letter that John White had not succeeded in selling his book 'outright' to any publisher, though Benjamin White had offered to join in its issue (i.e. with other publishers); and in a letter of July 15, 1777, we read that 'the whole pursuit is thrown aside in some disgust and chagrin.' But perhaps a serious attack of rheumatism, to which the author eventually succumbed, had something to do with the matter.

In the following August brother Harry brought the manuscript to Selborne, where it was carefully read by Dr. Richard Chandler, the traveller and antiquary, who was then visiting Gilbert White. He much approved of it, though he disliked the Linnæan system

on which it was composed, and thought that if *classes* and *ordines* were changed for chapters, it would be very much read, and 'worth £200 of anybody's money.'

In October 1777 the elder brother gave his own considered opinion of the book, of which he also much approved :

'Your preface is neat : your history is what I call true Natural History, because it abounds with anecdote and circumstance ; and I verily think your dissertations on the Hirundines are the best tracts I ever saw of the kind, as they throw much light on the dark and curious business of migration, and possess such a merit as alone might keep any book from sinking. . . . I think in a thousand instances they will delight a good naturalist. I therefore pronounce . . . *imprimatur*. No wonder that you did not much relish Dr. Chandler's proposal of rejecting all system ; the reason of sending you that advice was that I thought *then* that *system* was the stumbling-block between you and your Chapman.'

This letter is probably the last ever received by John White from his brother, for at the beginning of the next year, 1778, his health became very bad indeed from renewed attacks of rheumatism, and the further letters to Blackburn were addressed to his wife ; though in the April of this year there was some improvement in his condition, and he thought of going to Bath to bathe in the hot waters. It seems curious, nowadays, to find that he had been for some time taking a *cold* bath for rheumatism. Mrs. John White was able to send a more favourable account to Selborne in October. The reply to her, of November 2, 1778, reiterates the writer's opinion of the 'Fauna Calpensis,' which he had read with great care, and much approved of the whole, and wished to see published.

No further letters from Gilbert White to his relations at Blackburn are known to be in existence, though one cannot but suppose that his sister-in-law received several ; but John Mulso received 'an unhappy account of poor John' from Selborne in July 1779.

In the following year the end came, since John White expired at Blackburn on November 21, 1780. He was buried under the Communion Table of the parish church there, and a plain mural tablet, on which is recorded that he was 'a sincere Christian and conscientious Pastor, an affectionate Husband and good Parent ; a kind and faithful Friend, an ingenious and accurate Naturalist,' was placed in the church to his memory.

The dead naturalist's epitaph may be better read in a letter

from John Mulso to his old friend at Selborne of February 11, 1781, wherein, after mentioning that he had only known of the death of John White from seeing his living disposed of in the papers, he continues: 'As his Constitution was irrevocably injured, his Release was a Blessing to himself, as a very worthy Man. But his Family and Friends miss him much; and I think the World had a Loss in him, for he was a man of more than private Accomplishments, and united in himself things which do not commonly assemble, Mathematics and Poetry, Philosophy and Humour.' Of his brother's proficiency as a verse-writer, Gilbert White had written in 1774 that he was 'the best performer and the best critic in that way that I know.'

The MS. of the 'Fauna Calpensis' remained with the Selborne naturalist, who, writing many years later, in 1792, to the well-known Robert Marsham, of Stratton Strawless, sent him 'an extract from the Natural History of Gibraltar, by the late John White,' which contains a brief notice of a new swallow, called by John White *Hyruno Hiemalis*, together with another extract concerning the *Coccus vitisviniferæ* of Linnæus, quoted in the fifty-third letter to Barrington, of the 'Selborne,' as an example of the contents of his brother's work.

Of the ultimate fate of the manuscript nothing is now known. A note in a manuscript pedigree compiled in 1826 by John, son of Benjamin White, sen., states positively that his uncle's work was 'now existing in manuscript'; and Mr. Bell, who owned and occupied White's house at Selborne, states in a letter to the late Algernon Holt-White that John White's manuscript was existing in London in 1850; but the name of its possessor is blank in Mr. Holt-White's note of this matter.

Early in the year following her husband's death Mrs. John White came to Selborne, where she kept house for her brother-in-law until his death in 1793. The dead naturalist's son—'Gibraltar Jack,' as he was called in the family—adopted the medical profession, in which he obtained early and good success. As he died without issue, there are no descendants of the subject of this brief memoir.

It is useless to speculate upon the probable success, or the opposite, of John White's book had it been published; but one cannot but reflect upon the fate which has attended the memory of the two naturalist brothers, each of whom spent much time and labour in compiling one book upon their favourite subject.

Every educated Englishman knows of the fame of Gilbert White of Selborne, whose work has actually gone through at least one hundred and twenty editions and re-issues here and in America, whose grave under the sky of his beautiful Selborne still forms the goal of constant pilgrimage; while his brother lies, not indeed as such a lover of Nature should repose, 'where the wide-winged hawk doth hover,' but in a tomb in the centre of a huge, unlovely manufacturing town, unknown and unvisited; where, should a stray visitor notice his modest memorial tablet and inquire whom it commemorated, he might haply be told that John White was a brother of the great naturalist of Selborne.

Yet, if ill-health and the lack of a few rascal counters had not precluded its publication, how different might to-day have been the report of the clever, versatile, and diligent author of the 'Fauna Calpensis.'

A well-painted portrait of John White, showing a handsome, intellectual countenance, which formerly hung in his brother Gilbert's house at Selborne, remains in the possession of a collateral descendant.

RASHLEIGH HOLT-WHITE.

A DAUGHTER OF THE MARSHES.

BY W. J. BATCHELDER.

I

THE bright sultry day was the first break in an unprecedentedly wet summer.

The hot radiance of noon glistened fiercely on the full river. Amongst the green reed-stems on the flat margin the tide-water glittered. Luxuriant verdant grasses, almost ripe for the second haysel, painted Rookesby Level an emerald-green; and the yellowing barley in the fields promised a rich harvest—a harvest threatened by the flood-water which swelled the intersecting ditches. The sun's brazen light scorched a little sward in front of the red-brick cottage, which nestled in the marsh, and whose brown thatch peeped over the wide earthen bank, or 'river-wall,' of Fleet Dyke Reach.

Before the door of the little homestead a sturdy young woman, surrounded by a dozen busily pecking hens, vigorously turned an old-fashioned barrel churn. Her arms and freckled face were flushed and gleaming with perspiration. Over her red-gold hair she wore a white sun-bonnet.

The plump supple figure in the blue print frock and apron swayed back and forth. '*Clop! clop! clop!*' came from within the churn. The butter was beginning to come.

From time to time Lina Worsfold's striking blue eyes, sparkling under the glory of her hair and enhanced by the brown of the clean-cut, refined features, followed curiously the movements of a very tall, bowed man, who paced the narrow path in front of the cottage, and occasionally mounted the river-bank, to peer at the placid stream, the adjacent mill, and the western horizon.

When the man's rambling gait had taken him farther afield than usual, Lina slipped quickly from her churn to the cottage door, where one could get a glimpse of sanded brick-flooring and the polished chairs of the living-room. She called, as loudly as she dared, in a rather high-pitched voice:

'Come on, mother, do! You're keepin' father waiting.'

Reuben Worsfold remained motionless on the river-wall. He

wore an unaccustomed linen collar, Sunday 'blacks,' and the soft wideawake hat which indicates ceremonial occasions in marshland. The gaunt hulking frame and hunched shoulders suggested a close resemblance to the windmill tower which faced him across the cottage green. Like the giant he tended, he looked the embodiment of sluggish strength. A pair of piercing eyes gleamed in their red rims under bushy eyebrows, and a set of well-preserved yellow tusks showed through his short grey beard.

The marshman noted anxiously the exact direction of the light airs which rustled the restless reeds, the heavy 'feel' in the atmosphere; and scowled at a strange glow which glared from under a motionless cloud-bank in the west. He moistened a gnarled forefinger, held it reflectively up in the air, glanced round at the white sails of the mill, shook his head testily, and frowned ominously. Lina, who was pouring fair water into the churn, furtively watched her father as he stood there muttering.

At length Mrs. Worsfold, cloaked and bonneted, came forlornly out of the cottage. Her husband exhorted her gruffly but kindly: 'Come on, mother! The suner ye're there, the suner 'twill be over!' His wife only pressed a thin hand to her sallow cheek and moaned.

Thirza Worsfold possessed that courage which the remote marshland demands inexorably from its children. In the lonely cottage she had bravely borne three sons and three daughters—of whom Lina was the youngest—and she had faced the desolate conditions of her existence with the womanly fortitude common in those parts. Of late an aching tooth had daunted even her sturdy soul; and so, nursing her thin face—she was a plump-bodied little woman, with a stringy neck and worn freckled features, toil-wasted, like the faces of most of the poorer marshland people—Thirza dispiritedly followed her man towards the mill-dyke.

The farmstead dog, a large-boned underbred terrier named Carlo, barked and leaped at her billowing black skirt; but at the glance which Mrs. Worsfold threw him he promptly dropped behind.

Lina had meekly followed the couple to the strip of 'rond' at the end of the mill-dyke. 'I'm afeared about the w'ather, gal!' said the marshman to her.

The superannuated smack's boat which served as a ferry to the Acle side was moored by a chain, and Lina slipped the iron ring

from the broken oar in the oozy bank whilst her father assisted Mrs. Worsfold aboard the boat.

The girl stood submissively holding the chain.

Preparatory to pushing off, Reuben took an oar, and paused to throw a keen weather-wise glance around him :

'You git in, too, my gal,' he said curtly. 'I wouldn't go now, if 'twasn't for the 'pointment. But your mother won't go to the doctor's without me.' He lowered his shaggy brows upon his daughter, who shrank under the piercing regard as she stepped mutely into the craft.

It was Lina's duty to bring the ferry-boat back to the side of the river upon which the cottage stood.

Old Worsfold stood up facing the bow, pushing heavily on the oars. He issued his commands to Lina without turning his head :

'Tis slack water now. In another hour the tide'll be done, Lina—and you'll hev to look arter the mill, gal. . . . Set her goin' in about an hour's time—you know what to do—and keep her runnin'. There'll be more wind later on.'

'Yis, father.'

'An' if there's too much of it—it look to me's if there's a tidy tempest brewin'—you'll hev ter use your common sense. . . .'

Still pushing deliberately, he grumbled in his beard : 'For two-an'-fowerty year I hev kept the ole mill a-goin', fair w'ather an' foul, and never had a mischance. . . . You taäke care of her, gal. 'Tis a trust I be leavin' in your hands this day !'

The boat bumped gently against the bank.

The marshman steadied it whilst Mrs. Worsfold, moaning faintly, got ashore. Reuben followed her.

'You git back, Lina !' he ordered.

When she had pushed off, a sudden thought seemed to strike the old man. He turned round, to call loudly :

'Here, Lina ! If that young feller, Stephen Hatt'rick, turn up while we're gone, you give him the rough side of your tongue. I won't hev you hev nothin' to do with him. D'ye hear, now ?'

His great voice boomed out over the quiet river ; and, after an appreciable interval, Lina's shrilled back : 'Yis, father !'

In a mute appeal to hurry, Mrs. Worsfold plucked her husband by the sleeve ; and Lina, having pulled the heavy boat across, moored it safely and went back to her butter-making.

II

Lina set down the wooden trough containing pats of golden butter in the round chamber at the base of the conical mill-tower.

The sun shone through the low arch of the doorway. Myriads of motes danced in the beam of sunlight which struck sharply into the gloom of the interior. It fell upon the grease-smeared central shaft which pierced the tower vertically; and threw into high relief the tools and sacks of grain and the medley of stores in the drainage mill.

Straightening her back, the girl dried her hands upon her apron.

'I s'pose I'd better get the mill a-working,' she said aloud. Even in absence, it seemed that the old marshman's grim personality dominated his daughter. She added, with some bitterness: 'He'll be looking back over the marshes to see if the sails are going.'

Like most people who lead remote or solitary lives, Lina was given to soliloquy. She continued talking as she made her way through the pierced floors, up the dusty ladders, to the topmost chamber of the tower.

'Poor mother!' she murmured. 'Tis as well she hev a tongue of her own—but, then, he's *fond* of her. . . . I hope the job won't be a long one. Teeth, mother says, be like childer—they're a trouble when they come, a trouble when you hev them, and a trouble when they go. . . . I judge she's right—but I wouldn't mind if I was married. It'd be a change from this nag-nag-naggin'! A gal could do a bit as she liked, then. . . .'

Lina paused in her ascent to look out over the green level which stretched away to the north like an immense billiard table, intersected by shining loops of the sluggish river and straight gleaming dykes, and broken at intervals by a few rows of willows.

Scores of red-brick white-sailed drainage mills were scattered over the green expanse; and the girl stepped briskly away from the unglazed aperture, through which she was peering, as soon as she observed that the arms of all the mills were already turning. She hurried to the top chamber, on which was built the white 'hood.' The mill hood is exactly like an inverted ship's boat: it carries the sails, and revolves with them, that they may be kept

always facing the wind's eye. Here the gloom of the unlighted tower was partially relieved by streaks of white radiance which found their way through chinks in the superstructure.

Lina's fumbling hands quickly found the cord which controlled the wooden band-brake of the clumsy machinery, and she released this at once. She had closed the vanes of the sails before climbing the tower. Therefore, no sooner was the brake disengaged than the distinctive sounds of the mill at work became audible—the gentle swish and creak of the revolving forty-foot wings, the groan of wooden gearing transmitting the rotary motion to the central shaft, whilst, from far below, ascended the rumble and splash of the soggy, moss-painted water-wheel.

She descended leisurely.

At the last trap-door she gave an involuntary start, for a shadow moved on the brick floor below her. Lina's voice sounded the least trifle unsteady, as she cried out 'Who's there?'

A man's tones replied guardedly: 'It's me—Steve! Be that you, Lina? I hev'n't seen your father about the place.'

She hung hesitating on the ladder. A young fellow stepped into the round chamber and looked up at her. Lina was breathing like a fluttered bird:

'Whatever 'd father say, Steve, if he knew you were here! He's gone with mother, over to Ac-le. She've got toothache, raving bad.'

'Then I'm in luck—if yer mother isn't,' laughed Hatterick.

He lounged at the door—a tall, curly-haired Viking, fit descendant of Danish forebears, whose blood showed in the high cheek-bones, the straight nose and steady grey eyes, and the long lithe figure. In stature he was wellnigh as tall as old Worsfold himself.

Lina came deliberately—almost aloofly—to greet him. At that moment she was a striking contrast to the submissive girl at the ferry. But her quick eyes took note that Steve wore a fisherman's guernsey under his jacket.

Steve spoke abruptly: 'I'm off to the fishin'. I hev come to say fare-ye-well. Hev'n't ye a word to say?'

Lina's expression was changed. She smiled at him, and her eyes danced. There was charm in the freckled face. She was brightly and femininely provocative:

'Father said, if you turned up, I was to give you the rough side of my tongue.'

He laughed. 'You'll never do that, Lina.' Then, reminiscently, 'I should hev thowt he'd hev got over that dousin' by now.' . . .

Reuben Worsfold's original objection to Stephen dated from a squabble over a right of way. The marshman contended that he was free to use a footpath which ran over a dyke and led to the Filby road. The Hattericks, who were small farmers, contested this, and removed a 'ligger' which spanned the ditch. As they did this without warning, and left the hand-rail standing, Worsfold one cold dark night had splashed unexpectedly into the slimy ditch and had been more than half choked in the mud. The marshman's dogged pride never recovered from the humiliation, and he had forbidden Lina to have anything more to do with the younger Hatterick, who had been shyly courting her for some time. . . .

Not even the mingled shadows of an approaching parting and a parent's anger could make these lovers demonstrative. They talked of a future when Reuben Worsfold might soften towards them—Stephen hopefully, but Lina composedly and without any real belief in a change in her father's attitude. Still, she permitted, if she did not encourage, a small measure of tenderness on the part of the young stalwart. . . .

'It's turning hot even in here, Lina,' observed Stephen. 'The weather seem clusser than ever.' He stepped to the entrance, setting the door wide open. The sun no longer shone into the mill—the day had darkened. 'There's goin' to be a tempest. Just you come here and look, my gal!'

Standing together at the doorway, the pair were astonished to see how the sky had changed. Though only the slightest breath of air was perceptible, from the south-west a flying bank of cloud was fast approaching. Already a few angry storm-signals had blotted out the sun, which struggled through them with a queer coppery light. The marsh lay dark and sombre. The rumble of the mill had entirely ceased. Intermittently the sails swept soundlessly round; and, every now and then, there came a faint squeaking from the fly-wheel on the mill hood as it adjusted the head to the veering breaths of wind.

'It's the calm afore the storm, ole dear,' commented Steve quietly.

The reeds in the dyke, which up to now had been faintly sibilant, became absolutely silent. The whole land lay hushed in expectation. The fowls had deserted the green level between cottage

and mill, and had gone to roost, cheated by the gloom. The blue reek of the wood fire in the homestead drifted up in slow spirals.

'Twill blow in a minute, Lina. Shall I stop the mill for ye?'

Awed by the threatening aspect of earth and sky, the girl nodded without speaking, and Hatterick, stepping to the lee side of the tower, unhooked the two weights which hung from the tail-piece of the mill. A faint screech told of released vanes; and the couple were aware of a hot puff of wind which parched the throat like a fever-breath. Large goutts of blood-warm rain pattered on their outstretched hands.

Then, with a sudden blast of hurricane force and a crash of thunder, the storm broke.

The congealed raindrops rattled on the plank bridge, the wheel-housing, and the corrugated roof of the disused engine-shed. The shrapnel of the storm rent the water in the mill-dyke, splashing up the dimpled surface inches high. The whole universe was filled with the swishing roar of rain and hail. Water was rushing noisily from every projection in the mill; the biting cold wind blew in terrifying gusts till the massive tower shook in its mighty clutch; the reeds hissed; and the blue flashes of lightning which crackled in the murk overhead were followed on the instant by the report and reverberation of heaven's artillery.

At one exceptionally blinding flash and crackling report Lina flinched and drew Stephen farther into the chamber.

'What if the mill gets struck?' she screamed in his ear.

Hatterick shrugged his shoulders. Audible response was useless.

The girl was terror-stricken. She snuggled into his sheltering arms like a fear-tamed panther. He pressed her tightly to him. 'Shut the door,' she wailed. 'We'd hev the breath beat out of us if we ran for the house. 'Tis dangerous in the mill. Oh, Steve, I'm afeared!'

He closed the door as she clung to him, and soothed her in the darkness—even ventured to kiss her cold up-turned lips. She did not deny him, but nestled closer in his arms, and he patted her shoulder awkwardly.

The clamour was dreadful. Aloft, the wind shrieked in the wooden cap, and the rain beat furiously about it. Shutting the door had accentuated the noise and clatter in the tower itself. And there was a splashing and rumbling somewhere close at hand,

for which Lina, in her dazed condition, dared not and cared not to account. . . .

When at length the wind and the rain passed, and the thunder rolled away to leeward, they opened the door and looked forth.

The hard sunshine glistened on every reed-plume and blade of grass. After the inky darkness all things appeared pallid, as if the colour had been washed out or bleached almost to whiteness. Pale wisps of hay, whirled from Heaven knows what distant rick-yards, hung on the sedges. Each separate reed-blade was turned away from the point from which the storm had come; and all the marsh, and even the water, had a drenched and faded aspect. The thunder cloud lay high-piled to the north and east, and fitful rumblings from its gloomy depths still growled in their ears.

Lina said suddenly: 'I know what 'twas we heard in the mill'—and Stephen saw that her face was ashy with the shock of realisation. 'The brake—we forgot to put on the brake! . . . The mill must hev been workin' with open vanes after we come inside an' shut the door. 'Tis only Gawd's mercy the sails were not blown away. . . . Father'd hev killed me if they had!'

'I'll go up and put it on now,' Steve said. He left the girl staring wide-eyed out of the doorway.

Steve set about his task deliberately, taking his time over the ascent. In the mill hood, water which had driven in during the hurricane was dripping sullenly. By the light of a match he made fast the hand-brake; and, realising that Lina possessed something of her father's pride, he descended slowly to give her time to recover her habitual composure.

He even paused to look idly out of the single aperture which faced north-east, and noted that the tempest still lowered over that quarter. The air was perfectly still, and he missed the cool freshness that ordinarily follows a heavy storm. Stephen frowned perplexedly when he remarked that the overpast cloud seemed to be rising higher above the horizon. The light was queer again also—a lurid gleam from under the up-piled storm-wrack was opening like an enormous malevolent eye—and in the unnatural brightness the green marshes were startlingly vivid. The sun surely must be shining from the wrong quarter of the firmament! It was a portent!

Instinctively Stephen glanced a mile or so away—and then he realised what was happening. The distant trees were bowing towards him; the cattle on the intervening marshes had their

smoking hind-quarters *towards* the thunder cloud. They knew—and he knew, at last! The storm was returning from exactly the opposite direction to that in which it had gone! Already skirmishing light airs, the advanced guard, were tangling a reed-bed which had been combed out and laid flat in precisely the other direction.

Stephen leaped for the trap-door and the ladders—the *wind-mill was tailed!*

Here was the one and only condition of affairs in which a mill is threatened with having its great sails stripped from the central boss like sheets of paper. Ordinarily, when the wind changes, the breeze twirls the whirligig on a little deck at the rear end of the hood, and the entire mill-cap and sails are turned on the roller-race on the tower-lip. But, should a sudden squall strike the sails from the back, before the fly-wheel has had time to turn the head to the required bearing—then the great white wings must go. Nothing can save them—unless the mill be man-handled in time.

Three stiff poles come down from the staging of the fly-wheel, forming the skeleton of an inverted pyramid whose apex is about four feet from the ground; and it is possible, by means of this 'mill-tail,' for two strong men to turn the head of the mill. It was with the despairing hope that he might be able to accomplish this single-handed, before the approaching storm caught the sails, that Stephen came hurrying down the ladders. . . .

Meanwhile the girl had been startled out of her partially recovered composure by the noise of hoarse shouting from across the river. She realised in a panic that it must be her father returned sooner than she had expected; and, unable to see over the bank from the low-placed doorway, she hurried to the top of the river-wall. As she went, her heart knocked at her ribs and her knees gave way under her. She was convinced that, somehow or other, her father had learned that Stephen was at the mill.

Under the curious yellow glare of the still afternoon she faltered towards the moored boat, too terrified even to warn Hatterick of her father's coming.

On the opposite bank of the river Reuben Worsfold leaped and shouted like a madman, at intervals shooting out a minatory hand towards her as though he would indicate something or somebody behind Lina. This only confirmed her in the belief that he had seen Stephen, and the marshman's shouts and antics conveyed no other meaning to her bewildered brain. Of one thing only she

was certain—that it was her plain duty to take the boat over to her father.

The sodden reed-stuff tugged at her ankles as she stumbled towards the landing-place. And then, to her added terror and amazement, she realised that her father was shouting:

‘Go—back—back!—you vixen!’

Even in her whirl of fear and astonishment, a sense of the ludicrousness of the whole business flashed upon her. Worsfold was a maniac, dancing on the margin of the river. She saw him sweep his wideawake from his grey head and cast it in impotent rage at his feet. Then the old man became articulate again, and she heard him bellowing:

‘. . . Gawd’s saäke, Lina! The mill! Go back an’—turn the mill! Turn—the—mill, I tell ye! . . .’

She glanced towards the mill just in time to see Stephen hurl himself from the doorway. His movements had all the appearance of flight, for, to get to the mill-tail, he had to run out of sight behind the tower.

Lina fled back to the mill as wildly as she had come. At last the meaning of the words boomed out across the river had penetrated her understanding, and, scarcely knowing how she came to be there, she found herself thrusting at the mill-tail with her breast, and Stephen was pulling and tugging at it with the energy of despair.

In Lina’s brain rang the words she had heard a minute before, and which were now becoming invested with meaning: ‘There isn’t time to git the boat over, I tell ye! . . . Turn the mill! . . . For Gawd’s saäke—turn the mill!’ In the height of her frenzied struggles to assist Stephen she repeated the words automatically, crying shrilly: ‘Turn the mill!—Gawd’s saäke!—Turn the mill!’

‘I know, gal,’ grunted Hatterick angrily. ‘Ain’t I just break-in’ my back, tryin’ to do it? Git together with me—an’ we may be able to turn her—if we bu’st ourselves! Now then, all together, heave!’

Lina laughed hysterically as they strained at the bending poles. Under their joint efforts the mill-tail moved perceptibly.

‘Keep her goin’!’ Stephen shouted. ‘There’s just a chance!’

Again, as the hood revolved churlishly on its rollers, a grating vibration passed down the poles. Now the fly-wheel began suddenly to screech and whirr above their heads, and the heart-

breaking toil grew easier. The mill was turning itself. Would they be in time?

The pair panted and stumbled at their task, fighting and thrusting furiously at the poles. An elemental roar sounded behind them. Hatterick gasped: 'Look out, Lina—here come the wind!' The gyrating fly-wheel shrieked louder and louder as the squall spun it, and the cap of the mill rotated faster and faster. . . .

At the abrupt cessation of resistance Stephen staggered forward and went down with a grunt. The next instant, a burst of rain and wind battered Lina down upon the prostrate body. With difficulty, Steve drew her head towards his lips, and shouted into her ear: 'You git into the mill. I can't move myself . . . I've cricked my back. You'll drown out here. Git into the mill!'

Lina was all abroad in her mind. For a long time—it seemed hours—she could neither breathe nor move. In her bemused condition she took the buffeting of the storm upon her back and shoulders for her father's heavy hand. . . . Gradually, however, the fury of the wind and rain abated, the vivid lightning ceased, and the thunder peals died down to distant growls. . . .

The storm had passed away, and the staunch old mill was safe, —but Stephen lay bedraggled and inert on the very brink of the mill-dyke.

Lina looked down on her barely conscious lover and moaned to herself: 'Now I've got to fetch father!'

The warm sun shone upon her feeble steps as she went dully to the river, and gleamed upon her wet garments as she rowed across.

Quite oblivious to such minor ills as his concertinaed linen collar, and ruined Sabbath 'blacks,' Reuben awaited her coming. Emotion was still struggling within him. He was so excited by the imminent peril of his life-long charge, the mill, and by the miracle of its salvation before his very eyes, that he relieved his feelings by shouting to Lina whilst she was in mid-stream: 'I left your mother, Lina, at Ac-le. Saw this here comin' on. . . . Not this second lot, though. . . . I only see it like this once afore, in all my born daäys. . . . 'Twould hev bruk my heart if them ole sails had gone! 'Twas a mighty nigh thing. . . . Who was it helped you to git her round? I couldn't see behind the bank.'

Reuben's volubility was checked, however, by the sight of his daughter's drawn face as she pulled the boat in.

He clambered over the gunwale. 'What yer cryin' 'bout, gal?' he demanded sharply. 'Your faäce be 's white 's paäper, too!'

'It's Steve!' said Lina wearily.

She shrank into herself, cowering from her father's anticipated violence, but the marshman's response was unwontedly kindly:

'This caps all, Lina! . . . To think that my darter's disobedience saaved th' ole mill! . . . When I see what was a-comin' up, and knew I couldn't do a hand's turn to help, I praäyed—praäyed harder 'n ever I done afore in my born daäys. . . . And, then, that young Hatterrick come a-jumpin' out! . . . 'Tis true, the Lord's ways be past finding out! . . . When I see the old mill go roun' to the wind, and I knowed she was saäfe, I got down and thanked Gawd on my bended knees.'

As the boat checked on the mud, Reuben got heavily out, but Lina was before him, looking piteously at the old man with lips that quivered and eyes which tried to smile. Reuben mocked her—not unkindly, though:

'I reckon you be upset, Lina, you rogue! Be the young feller afraid to come? Why didn't he help ye with the boat? . . .

'Cricked his back, hev he? . . . That's bad! You did ought to hev telled me 't once! Where is he?'

His daughter led him to the spot where Stephen lay soaked with rain and drenched in sunshine. Worsfold examined him with the skill of one used to doctoring animals.

'All right, Stephen, boy,' he remarked. 'If the Lord sent ye, I reckon He knowed best. . . . You an' Lina, between ye, hev saaved the ole mill, and I won't forgit it. . . .

'We'll carry him into the house, Lina, and I'll dress his back for him. Many's the cow I hev dressed, Steve, an' I reckon I can manage you—until the doctor come. . . . But you won't go to the fishin' this year, I tell ye!' . . .

Within a very few minutes Lina was on her way to Rookesby to fetch the doctor. Joy lent her wings, and hope had already steadied her trembling limbs. Recollecting her father's words, her heart thrilled with a gratitude the old fellow certainly never deserved:

'I didn't know father could be so understandin'!' she confided to the rain-bejewelled reeds which edged her path along the river-wall.

HIGH TRESPASS.

BY LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE MACMUNN,
K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

THE exploring of an old work-box is a charming and fascinating amusement, especially when it is an inlaid sandalwood work-box such as they make at Delhi, redolent of the faint romance of kings. Work-boxes themselves are things of the past, with all their workaday treasures and bits and pieces, while the sandalwood ones have ever been resting-places of the treasures of days that are gone.

The one that I have lately rummaged in belongs to a very early memory of a seaside window and a carved table, a stretch of ocean and a North Sea schooner curtseying low, and now after many years it, and all its strange hiding-places that I have so long wondered on, are mine to overhaul, treasure on treasure, memory on memory, and perhaps best of all a packet of letters.

Will you sit by me while we commit high trespass among other folk's treasures? How the strong scent lifts as we open the box, sandalwood and embroidered crimson silk—'Henna for the finger-nails, gehenna for the soul.' The top tray is commonplace enough, full of a set of Indian chessmen, carved and crinkled; but yet, are chessmen ever commonplace? Long before Lewis Carroll took Alice over the mantelpiece into the Looking-Glass, there was drama and romance in all the pieces. Especially is this so in the East, where the queen is more truly called the vizier, the hand behind the throne, and the bishop is the *elchie* or 'ambassador,' and the old Persian word 'rook' (*ruk*), for castle, still lingers in England.

But we will go past the chessmen to the long side partition, and handle the corals necklaced on a string that also must hail from east of Suez by their shape, and a little bag full of the broken cowries of seven markets. This work-box comes of a family that has served John Company for many generations before the Competition wallah became an unfair byword, and when griffins still went to India. In a corner compartment is one of those embroidered crimson bags, in which petitions of old went between Indian princes and state officials, nay, do now, for in Indian principalities the customs of old change but little. There is within an order written in Persian, to which a translation has been added. It is an order

to arrest and send in to Kurnal a certain offender on the borders of one of the Cis Sutlej states, and there is a docket on it. The docket runs as follows: 'What cometh to John of the wicked thumb,' whatever that may refer to. Some well-known sinner had overstepped the mark evidently, for in a career of crime 'at length it ringeth to evensong.'

Wrapped up in tissue paper come two Delhi miniatures of finer work than those now to be obtained. One is the Lady Roshanara, a sister of the Emperor Jehangir; the other is the great Akhbar. They are done on ivory by an Indian painter. The portraits and the sandal scent mingle suitably and conjure a picture of the Mogul Court.

'Shall the king say "It is night" at noon,
Be sure to cry "Behold I see the moon."'

The third tray is devoted to war relics. A bullet, or rather a small iron ball fitting into a piece of shell, and labelled 'Picked up at Waterloo by Uncle John.' Then a piece of black bread from the Crimea as hard as a stone. A silver medal, with clasp for 'Chillianwallah' and 'Goojerat,' bearing the inscription 'Havildar Doorga Pershad, 73rd Bengal Native Infantry.' On the wrapper is this, 'Taken from the body of a mutineer sepoy by my brother Henry, after a sortie from Delhi.' One can almost see the mutinous regiment marching in with their colours flying and their band playing 'Rule Britannia,' wearing their scarlet coatees and their British medals, to offer their services to poor, feeble, old Bahadur Shah, within the rose-red palace. There is another medal too, of a curious oval shape, and it bears the device of the Harp and Crown. It also has an inscription:

"Medal for Skill at Arms."
Third Rotunda Volunteers, 1798.'

So sleeps the pride of other days!

But there had been an addition to this collection of far later date, some later burial in an old resting-place, nay, two. The first was a page from some illustrated copy of the Scriptures, and below the picture was the description '*Daniel in den Leuenkuil*.' The docket said 'Found by my great-nephew George in the trenches at Magersfontein.'

Perhaps most interesting of all, as showing continuity of method

was
doc
high
tha

How
of th
the r
D

Now
old a
ancie
in thi
is a fo
India

Now
of W
The I
—you
sycop
Here t

'O

of his
charac
the ba
greater
under
their c
poor e
would
ventur

was the latest interment. It was a fragment of steel, and it was also docketed in another and more modern handwriting: 'A piece of high explosive shell that wounded Howard . . . at Bazentin'—and that brought a vision of the game as they play it now.

'But there came a flash like a whole sky rent,
And the kick of a horse, where my elbow went
(My right one), so that I tumbled flat
In the ditch where the shrapnel buzzed and spat,
And I bit the shoulder, in panic wild,
Of a sergeant-major who only smiled
And said, "They're bracketting sure enough,
They always do with this H.E. stuff.
But you're all right, Sir, sit down there."
And he laid the arm of my tunic bare.'

Howard had evidently had a cooshie one, but the family museum of the British aunt was naturally the safe and secret repository of the *memento*.

Down below again was a drawer, and a drawer full of letters. Now letters are remarkable things, from the four-thousand-year-old autograph Babylonish tablet, written as clear as to-day by an ancient scribe, to the script of the recent generations. Some of those in this old drawer are worth reproducing for the reader. The first is a folded paper with a docket in pencil that runs as follows: 'Two Indian stories in the handwriting of the Blessed Mr. Hastings.' Now my great-great-aunt married Sir Charles Imhof, the stepson of Warren Hastings;—she was one of the beautiful Miss Blunts. The Horrible Istink *sahib*, as young writers delighted to call him—young writers were as ribald as young officers—surrounded by sycophants, had no doubt written down the stories with enjoyment. Here they are, or rather here it is, for the two are one.

'One of the Sovereigns of India, while he was under the hands of his barber, took it into his head to ask him what men said of his character and the conduct of his administration. "Say?" replied the barber. "What can they say but that you are the wisest, the greatest, the justest, and best of all kings? All men are happy under your control and protection, and acknowledge with gratitude their obligations to your Majesty for the blessings they enjoy, the poor especially—that is, they who under any other Government would be poor, for under your Majesty's all are rich, and I will venture to say that there is not so much as a petty barber in all

your dominions who cannot boast that he has five gold rupees wrapped in a ragg (*sic*) in some snug corner, and reserved for the comfort of his old age."

"Five gold rupees in a rag?" said the king to himself. "I am sure he alluded to the sum of his own wealth. I will put it to the trial."

'Accordingly as soon as the happy operator was dismissed, the king sent for his head spy, told him the story, and commanded him to search for the barber's boasted treasure, to secure and bring it to him.

'This was easily and soon accomplished.

'The king allowed some days to pass and again put the same question to the barber. The man was sullen and silent. The king repeated his demand, with a look which commanded his reply. "Sir," said the barber, "it was not for a poor barber like me to speak of matters so much above my judgment. People who know no better will always be finding fault, and what do they get by it? I never mix with them, and know nothing of the matter."

"Yes, you do," said the king, "yours is a profession to which every man habitually communicates what he hears from others, so that he has the fairest chance of gathering knowledge and wisdom, and no one more than yourself: so speak, and I promise you that I will not be offended. It may do good, especially coming from so wise a man, and so loyal a subject."

'The barber emboldened by these words, and elated in his own opinion, answered as follows: "Since your Majesty is pleased to command me, I will frankly tell you that all the world complains of you most grievously. I know it is not your Majesty's fault, but your ministers'; but it is not everybody that is wise or honest enough to make this distinction. All the blame falls on your head. All cry aloud of the tyranny, oppression and corruption which pervades (that is the word) all the offices of your state, but mostly the want of protection to the poor: inasmuch that a poor barber like myself (and I speak it with knowledge) shall have five gold rupees tied up in a rag to-day, and laid up in a snug corner for the comfort of his old age, and cannot be sure of not having it stolen from him before the next morning."

Then comes a letter from the great ruler written in the peace and quiet of Daylesford to his 'beloved Marian.' A simple letter of English country gentleman's life, far away from the troubles of life and gross injustice and persecution, so gross and so unjust that

history recalls few equivalents. A simple letter, not devoid of humour as becomes him who had recorded the 'two Indian stories.'

DAYLESFORD HOUSE,
October 9: Sunday.

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—I was called away, while I was writing to you yesterday, by the arrival of a fresh importation of Jamaica plants, among which were two dead mangoes. These occupied so much of my time that I found Mr. Cheney on my return waiting for my letters, which obliged me to conclude yours so abruptly. Enclosed is the return of your poultry—not much to boast of. Mr. Boman should have added (though they are not poultry) nine young pigs and two porkers.

I am much disposed to follow your advice, and return to Margate, but I must not leave Dd till I have got all my people at work, and I find it not easy to collect them. Bowers has disappointed me.

Banks who is most exact has sent me an able workman, who is at a stand (or will be) for want of materials, as there is but one chimney piece come (besides one on which he is now employed) and that is deficient of its plinths, or the square pieces which support the sides.

Oldham writes to me that the remaining grates will take some time to complete, as he wishes to have them done in the best manner. I am not in a hurry for them.

I suppose Cockerell had your directions for the dimensions of the chimney fire place. That in the drawing room is just 3 feet high. It looks to me much out of proportion to the height of the room, perhaps because I am not used to the fashion. The figures look well, but not so well as I expected. Cockerell has shewn a miserable want of taste in the frame which he has had made for the River God, and which not only looks infinitely too light for so massy a tablet, but really wants strength to support it. I shall have my share of censure too for placing a river God over a fire place, but I have my justification ready. I will tell my critics that I had a wise moral meaning in it, that it was a hint to the fire not to burn the house, and to its tenants, that in such an event water would extinguish it.

I forgot to inform you that I ordered a hare and a brace of partridges to be sent to you the day of my arrival, afterwards (on Saturday I think) four pines, apparently very fine, without crowns, and three days ago a fine haunch of venison which I received from the bounty of Mr. Freeman. A part I detained for the signing and sealing of the purchase of Wyndham's Estate, and to make into a pasty for to-day's dinner. I live most temperately, use exercise, drink no wine (except as before for signing and sealing) and rise

and go to bed at my usual hours. Yet I do not get stout, and last night I was unusually oppressed. Whether this is owing to the damp from the cellar or to my solitary evenings, I cannot tell. My spirits are good, and was my Marian out of the question, no man could live alone with a more tranquil mind than her husband, but man was not born to be alone, nor to breathe the air of damp cellars. So say the Scriptures—Apropos—the curate, who preached last Sunday for Mr. Leigh, took for his text the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, and assured his congregation (whom he called his friends) in exceeding good language that the rich man went to Hell for no other earthly cause, but for keeping a good table. I could not help telling Mrs. Leigh, as we returned home that I was terribly afraid for her and her husband, who had that sin to overwhelm them as much as any of my acquaintances, and that I should be obliged, if called upon, to bear testimony against them.

Don't write to me, my Marian, these two days, unless you are not well, and then only two lines.

God bless and protect you, my beloved.

WARREN HASTINGS.

My last load of barley is just brought home.

The tray had other letters different in form—one a memorandum to Mr. Gabriel Mathias, the Privy Purse, signed by George III., regarding pensionary payments, and a similar one signed by Queen Charlotte—of no interest except for the signatures. Then comes one from the Duke of Kent when Commander-in-Chief and a Colonel of the 1st Royals, to Gabriel's son, Captain Mathias, a retired officer, and is typical of the simpler ways of earlier days. He writes to Captain Mathias, whom as a lad he must have known in his own young days, and it runs as follows :

Letter from the Duke of Kent to Captain Vincent Mathias.

STANHOE HALL,
KENSINGTON PALACE,
October 17, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,—I had the pleasure of receiving your letter from the hands of your son George Mathias, who was introduced to me by Mr. Marsh, and I am happy to state to you that the appearance and manner of the young officer are so much in his favour, that I am greatly pleased with him, and doubt not he will prove a credit to my corps, and an ornament to the service. He has already joined the 2nd Battalion and will very soon proceed to India. I was not before aware of the number of your sons you have in the service but must say that, if the young man I have just seen is a sample of them, they cannot fail to attract the favourable attentions of their superior

officers. When your other sons¹ are ready to commence their public career, I shall be very happy as far as may be in my power to encourage your views in their favour.

I remain,

With sincere regard and esteem,

Your faithful

CAPTAIN MATHIAS.

EDWARD.

A kindly letter to a brother officer and friend, and a pleasant start in life for Ensign Mathias—from a Commander-in-Chief and Royal Prince. Then comes a faded diary of the young officer while marching to Paris with his battalion of the Royals after Waterloo, with a story of a leave trip across the border from Canada into the States in 1814, when peace had been made with America. Mathias and a brother subaltern had arrived at an inn, each with a valise, and had asked the maid to have the valises sent to their rooms, to which the reply: 'Young man! I guess the galls don't wait on the boys in this country.'

So the work-box, and then a discovery of a different type. No less than a letter to the same ensign of the Duke of Kent's good intent, years after, from one Thomas Carlyle his neighbour. It is of interest since the outbreak of the Great War, when it will be remembered Carlyle's eulogy of Prussian war and Prussian want of ruth was criticised and condemned as the direct road to Louvain.

The Reverend George Mathias, late of the 1st Royals and the 79th Highlanders, a scholar, a traveller, and chaplain of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, owns a portrait of Frederick the Great, but has little enough respect for that monarch's character. On the appearance of Carlyle's life of that monarch, he makes offer of the portrait to the sage. To George Mathias, Thomas Carlyle makes answer:

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
September 27, 1869.

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged by your quiet civility and evident good will to me. I accept with many thanks the old Picture of Friedrich, which I perceive to be indeed unusually like him (for such pictures). It shall hang on my wall in memory of him and you.

N.B.—Friedrich's wars were by no means wicked, if you will enquire into them, but heroic and just.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Yours with many thanks,

THE REV. GEORGE MATHIAS.

T. CARLYLE.

¹ Ten in all—who entered Army or Navy.

Mingled with the letters are some more South African War documents. An operation order in Douglas Haig's handwriting, and a report of Boer movements from a loyal farmer. Pinned to it is one of 'B.P.'s' paper currency notes from Mafeking. They are out of place perhaps among the old letters, except that Time fingers his rosary so fast that even the Boer War is ancient history, nay, the spring of 1814 almost seems an Akashic record. One more letter lies in the tray; it has no apparent connexion with the family letters that have gone before, but has merely been kept as a relic of 'the Beau.' It is worth producing not only for the parliamentary gossip of 1834 and the Duke's view *re* Coercion Bill, but for the glory of the signature of the man who could manage a peace conference and handle a Concert of Europe.

Letter from the Duke of Wellington to Lord Lyndhurst.

LONDON, July 18, 1834.

MY DEAR LORD LYNDHURST,—The Government is formed as it is stated, and Lord Russell now succeeds to Lord Melbourne and Sir John Cam Hobhouse to the Woods and Forests. It is not yet known whether Lord Duncannon or Lord Palmerston is to be transferred to the House of Lords. One of them must be transferred as there can only be two Secretaries of State in the House of Commons.

You will see that we had a smart debate last night in the House of Lords occasioned by the announcement by the Government of their plan of proceeding respecting the Coercion Bill.

They propose to drop that Bill which is in the Lords, and to propose another in the Commons by which the Act will be renewed and the three clauses of our Proclamation Act will be omitted. This is certainly the most inconvenient mode of proceeding for themselves. After passing our Bill through the House of Lords they might have altered it in the Commons, have sent it back without the clauses, and I told them last night that the House of Lords would not attempt to force on the Government powers not sanctioned by the Constitution, if the Government did not think proper to ask for such powers and the House of Commons did not think proper to grant them. I understand that they prefer to throw overboard everything excepting the Tithe Bill and the Coercion Bill.

I believe that we must throw out the Tithe Bill. The Peers are going away fast. Every man thinks that he does all if he leaves his Proxy, and we are left with a few to fight the battle, and we have not numbers even to hold the proxies.

Believe me,

Ever yours most sincerely,

THE LORD LYNDHURST.

WELLINGTON.

The drawer has four little corner compartments, and in one lies as genuine and as real a document as any. It is a Babylonish tablet, written not on parchment of Pergamos—or papyrus or paper—Oh no ! written with a stylus on a neat clay tablet, and rolled on the side with the writer's seal. A genuine document over 4000 years old, exactly as the writer left it, a neat-handed writer withal, for the stylus has been used regularly and the signs and wedges of the cuneiform well placed. The seal was evidently of the usual circular kind with the writer's name and the inevitable figures of Gilgamish and Eabani.

The tablet is wrapped in paper, and on it is written : ' Tablet sent by my uncle Rawdon Chesney from the Euphrates. It was translated many years after and is said to be a marriage contract between Iltani, daughter of the priestess Kushutum, and Arad Shamash, son of Ilhubani—also record of gift of land by Kushutum to her daughter on her marriage in the reign of Hammurabi (the Amraphel of Genesis).' What a treasure for even an ivory work-box to hold ! Such visions of a storied past, old before Menelaus burned the topless towers of Ilium, more ancient than the Golden Fleece and the Eagles of Rome ! Then, in the opposite compartment lay a small round box of Chinese lacquer gilded like a dragon's wings, and in the lacquer, just a lock of hair, a bunch of dead violets and rosemary sprigs on a sachet. ' Violets for the maiden dead,' but not a word to say who or why—nothing to touch the memory save the faint scent of a sachet, since memory is not for all, ' though still men say what Ninon said, and still Du Barri's rose is gay.'

There is one more tray to lift, and that brings us to the bottom of the box, and ends the fascination of something more to come, the same fascination as that which reached its zenith at the break of the pick into a Tutankhamen's tomb. There is a folded sampler and a piece of old Tabby in that bottom tray, silk that coming from the El Tabbiyana suburb of old Bagdad gave a name to cats and old ladies. On it lies a gilt metal plaque on which is written on a small ivory label ' my uncle Gabriel's gorget,' that relic of the armoured headpiece which officers wore when on duty, up to a hundred years ago. Near it is a flat oval silver medallion covered with emblems—pillars, an arch, a true catenarian arch, square and compass, an open book, candles, an altar—and the paper beneath says ' our dear father's mason's medals.'

Atop the Tabby silk is a manuscript book bound in white parchment stamped with alternate gold and mauve *fleur-de-lis*, and it

contains notes and quotations and verses—a girl's or a lady's note-book and *vade mecum* of years ago. As we have pried freely enough into the work-box, let us also pry into this, not in idle curiosity, but in sympathy with the dead hand that was but as ourselves.

There are a few memoranda and birthday dates to commence with, and then at the top of a page is written 'Quotations copied from papa's phrase book, written by him and the vicar to illustrate the lines "Jewels-five-words long, that on the stretched forefinger of all time sparkle for ever"—Sixpenny Handley, 1839.' Then follow the quotations.

- 'Thine honourable true and only Son.'
- 'The multitudinous seas incarnadine.'
- '*Eheu, fugaces, Postume—Postume.*'
- 'Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves.'
- '*Perfida sed quamvis perfida, cara tamen.*'
- 'He was a very parfit gentil knight.'
- 'One crowded hour of glorious life.'
- '*La fille de Minos et de Pasiphae.*'

Then a verse from Greene's 'Infida's Song':

- 'See how sad thy Venus lies,
N'oserez vous mon bel ami,
Love in heart and tears in eyes,
N'oserez vous mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous mon bel ami.'

A bit of a minckus after all! A lady, too, of literary taste and quaint interests, for on one page she tells of 'Mr. Davenport who came to lunch to see the Crusaders' tombs and told a dreadful story of the heads of quarrelling aristocrats that bit each other in the guillotine basket,' a vastly strange story.

Then again: 'Papa's favourite quotation from Cromwell. . . . "But if the Lord take pleasure in England and if He will do us good He is very able to bear us up."'

Then comes an entry: 'Papa and Colonel McClellan were talking over the American war, and the Royals in Canada. The Colonel gave the true version of "Yankie Doodle" which the soldiers used to sing at the camp fires at Chateaugay.

"Marching in and marching out
 All around the town O!
 Here there comes a regiment
 And Captain Thomas Brown O!
 Yankie Doodle Doodle
 Yankie Doodle Dandy,
 All the ladies in the town
 Are fond of sugar candy."

Then we also have 'Mervinias' version of Bobby Hooky and Sticky on the Willow pattern plate.'

'Two pigeons flying high,
 Chinese vessels sailing by,
 Weeping willows hanging o'er,
 Bridge with three men, if not four.

 'Chinese temple, there it stands,
 Seems to cover all the land,
 Apple tree with branches long,
 Pretty face to end my song.'

At the end come a few pages of recipes :

'Cowslip wine.'
 'Black currant posset.'
 'Fish in mouilly, from Uncle Vincent's Madras Recipe.'
 'Mrs. Irby's recipe for Half Pay pudding.'
 'Tansy pudding';

and so forth.

And with these we may seal up the treasures, grateful to have ended our quest with the simple notes of one of those who pass and leave no jewelled histories. *Et omnia vanitas.*

LA BRUYÈRE.

If we can still contrive to hold up our heads in the world it is not the fault of the writers of maxims, who have seldom had a good word to say for us. We may ask, as we wilt but read on, Have we then nothing which can face unashamed the microscopic eye? Does not virtue lend itself to aphorism? Should it not be possible to make pithy summaries of our good qualities, of our reasonable institutions? La Rochefoucauld's answer would be, Inform me of your virtues, show me your tolerable institutions, and I will tell you if I can reduce them to maxims. Nobody took the trouble to do it. He was read, as he wrote, for entertainment; and entertainment certainly comes if we don't read too much of him at a time. He is for the bedside or the dressing-table. You can glance at him as you shave: but if you linger on him, you had better put away the razors. He has himself detected the source of the entertainment. 'In the misfortunes of our best friends we can always find something which is not displeasing.' He is dreadfully right; and it was his accuracy, no doubt, which Madame de Sévigné found to be 'divine.' I obtain my own consolation out of the fact that, poor things as we are, it has been possible for one at least of us to write us down so well. But I am under no delusions about this duke. He is not necessarily a good man struggling with adversity, but as human as the rest of us. His only right to the microscope is that of user; and the pose that he who sees so many beams in his neighbours' eyes has no motes in his own, it is fair to say, is not consciously assumed, but inseparable from the aphoristic method.

In La Bruyère, the French Theophrastus, who has tempered his maxims with 'portraits,' I think that the Rhadamanthus-attitude is deliberate. La Bruyère is indignant, and takes it for righteousness. You cannot call him cynical; he is a *sensor morum*. He combines the methods of La Rochefoucauld and Tallemant des Réaux, but is more human than the first because he condescends to scold his victims, and much less so than the other because he cannot bring himself to consider them as of the same clay with himself. La Bruyère, you may say, never takes off his wig and gown; Tallemant never puts his on. In *Les Caractères* is but one paragraph of unstinted praise; the *Historiettes* is full of them.

Tallemant, however, did not write for publication, and La Bruyère did. It is possible that he would have praised more generally than he did if it had been as safe to praise as to condemn. But it was not. He had been rash enough at starting to call attention to Bishop Le Camus, and to be astonished at the red hat conferred upon a pious and devoted man. Then he learned, first that the King had been very much offended by the Pope's action, and secondly, that the Pope had intended him to be. Just in time he cancelled the passage. No—a writer had to be sure of his ground when he went about to praise. You were only perfectly safe, indeed, in praising His Majesty.

His 'pleasant' saying of Dangeau, as Saint-Simon calls it, that he was not a grandee, but 'after a grandee,' is typical of him, at once acute and direct. It says more exactly what Dangeau was than a page. The page is there too, but the few words shine out of it like an electric light. It is as if he was talking round about his subject, seeking the best aspect of it, and then, suddenly, with a pointing finger, you get '*Pamphilius* in a word desires to be a great man, and believes himself to be one; but he is not; he is after a great man.' The rest of the page goes for little. It is Thackerayan, as we should say. Whether Thackeray owed anything directly to La Bruyère I am not able to determine; but he owed a fair amount to Steele, who assuredly did.

If La Bruyère had desired to learn the worst of mankind he could not have trained in a better school than that which he found for himself. He had been one of the Accountants-General in the Bureau of Finance at Caen for a few years when M. le Prince—le Grand Condé—called him to Chantilly to be tutor—one of several—to his grandson the Duc de Bourbon. There, and at Versailles, he remained for the rest of his life, and at Versailles he died. Of Condé, of Henri-Jules, his terrible son, and of the grandson, 'very considerably smaller than the smallest of men,' as Saint-Simon declares him, and very considerably more of a degenerate than most men, this learned, accurate, all-observant, deeply meditating man was content to be the servant and the butt. When his pupil left his hands he stayed on as 'gentleman' to the father who was in his turn M. le Prince. Prince as he was, he was also, quite simply, a wild beast, biting mad; and his son was little better: a pervert and proud of it, crafty, malicious, tyrannical, and 'extremely

ferocious.' One does not know how life with such masters can have been tolerable. La Bruyère was both neglected and despised. He had nothing to do, for even as 'gentleman' he was a super-numerary—yet he must be there. To understand it you must accept the *sang royal* in its fullest implications. His book, which yielded eight editions in his lifetime, went for nothing at Chantilly, though the King himself had heard of it, and had his harangue at the Academy read to him at Marly. Yet one of the inmates of Chantilly (Valincourt), while admitting that 'La Bruyère meditated profoundly and agreeably, two things which are rarely found together,' went on to say that 'he was a good fellow at bottom, whom, however, the fear of seeming pedantic had thrown into its ridiculous opposite . . . with the result that during all the time he spent in the household of M. le Duc, in which he died, he was always held for a figure of fun.' It seems that he tried to be sprightly, would dance, put on airs and graces, make jokes, and walk on his toes. We may regard all that as protective colouring, the instinct of the creature to hide his continual mortifications. Elsewhere—in Paris, naturally—he had made himself a personage. His book sold, if not to his profit, very much to his credit; he had made himself imposing enemies and had the better of them at every turn; Bossuet was his friend, Pontchartrain, Racine and the like. He still held his sinecure office at Caen. Why, then, did he hang about Chantilly, and lodge in an attic at Versailles when M. le Prince was there? Who is to say? That particular prince was a human tiger—but in his service he lived on, and died. I think he ought to have put himself into his own book—and perhaps he did:

'I see a man surrounded, and followed—he is in office. I see another man whom all the world salutes—he is in favour. Here is one caressed and flattered, even by the great—he is rich. There is another, observed curiously on all hands—he is learned. Here is another whom nobody omits to greet—a dangerous man.'

At any rate his experiences provided that one of the shrewdest sections of *Les Caractères* is that headed 'Of the Court.'

'The Court does not satisfy; it prevents you from satisfaction anywhere else.

'It is like a house built of marble: mean that it is made up of men, very hard, but highly polished.

'One goes there very often in order to come away again and be therefore respected by one's country gentry, or the bishop.

'The most honourable reproach which can be made against a man is to say of him that he knows nothing of the Court. In that one remark there are no virtues unimputed to him.

'You speak well of a man at Court for two reasons: the first, that he may learn that you have done so; the second that he may so speak of you.

'It is dangerous at Court to make advances as it is awkward not to make them.'

The man who penned those caustic little sentences knew what he was talking of. Yet La Bruyère's portrait of himself sets him forth as a creature apart, pointedly distinguishes him from *Clitiphon*, who has been too busy to heed him.

'O man of consequence and many affairs,' he says to *Clitiphon*, 'when you in your turn have need of my good offices, walk into my lonely study. The philosopher is at your service, and will not put you off to another day. You will find him there, deep in Plato's dialogues, dealing with the spiritual nature of the soul, distinguishing its essence from that of the body; or, pen in hand, calculating the distance from us of Jupiter or Saturn. I am adoring God in those books of his, seeking by knowledge of the truth to conduct my own spiritual part into better ways. Nay, come in, the door is open; there is no ante-chamber in which to be wearied while you wait. Come straight in, without announcement. You are bringing me something more to be desired than gold and silver if it is a chance of serving you. Speak then, what do you desire me to do for you? Am I to leave my books, studies, work, the very line which I am now penning? Happy interruption, which is to make me of service to you!'

Overwhelming invitation! The butter, you will agree, is spread too thick. On another page he quotes the saying of the Roman patriarch, that he had rather people should inquire why there was no statue to Cato, than why there was one. But it had perhaps not occurred to Cato as calculable that he might have to erect a statue to himself.

'Voilà de quoi vous attirer beaucoup de lecteurs, et beaucoup d'ennemis,' said M. de Malezieu to La Bruyère on perusing *Les Caractères*. There was no doubt about that. Although he set out with a translation of Theophrastus, in going on to be a Theophrastus himself the temptation to draw from nature was obvious, and not resisted. Theophrastus generalised; he wrote of abstractions—Stupidity, Brutality, Avarice; and what not. If he had had instances

in his head, nobody knew what they were, and nobody cared. But La Bruyère did not write of qualities: he wrote of things and of people—Women, Men, the Court, the Sovereign; and by his treatment of them in examples, in short paragraphs, with italicised names, with anecdotes, snatches of dialogue and other aids to attention, provided the quidnuncs with a fascinating game. 'Keys' sprang up like mushrooms in a night. The guess-work was dangerously unanimous. The instances he had chosen were recent: there could not be much doubt who were *Menalcas* and *Pamphilus*, *Clitophon* and *Arténice*. Three editions were called for in 1688, a fourth in 1689, and then one a year until 1694. On the whole he came off very lightly. The *Mercure Galant* and its supporters furiously raged together. But the King had been elaborately flattered, and no harm came to La Bruyère.

Les Caractères is a book both provocative and diverting, written in the clear, sinewy, reasonable language of Pascal and Fénelon; by no means without malice, but with a malice robbed of its virus by the air of detachment which La Bruyère has been careful to give it. When he pleases to be severe he uses the dramatic method. The portraits interspersed with his judgments enable him to move more freely than La Rochefoucauld. He is better, because livelier, reading, and the effect is not so depressing. However, his debt cannot be denied. He would be an acute critic who knew which was which in these:

'A woman with but one lover believes that she is not a coquette: she who has several that she is only that.

'A woman forgets of the man she no longer loves even the favours he has had of her.

'In her first passion a woman loves her lover. In the others she loves love.'

Here is La Rochefoucauld at his best: 'Hypocrisy is the tribute which vice pays to virtue'; and here is La Bruyère when he chooses to sting: 'There is wanting nothing to an old lover from the woman who claims him except the name of husband; but that is much. If it were not for that he would be a thousand times lost.' As a rule he is more of a moralist than the Duke, as here where his reflection flows from his axiom:

'A woman unfaithful, if the interested party knows it, is just faithless; if he believes her true, she is false. This advantage at least accrues from a woman's falsity, that you are cured of jealousy.'

The reflection flows, I say—but is it true? It is safe to say that the man who generalises about women is as often wrong as right. 'Women,' he says, 'are always in the extreme, better or worse than men'; and again, 'The generality of women have no principles. Their hearts direct them; they depend for their conduct upon those they love.' I should say that there were as many exceptions to those rules as examples of them. Then, what of this: 'It costs a woman very little to say something which she does not feel; and a man still less to say something which he does?' It needs La Bruyère himself to determine from that which of the sexes is the more sentimental; but he leaves it there. I like the following, and believe it to be entirely true:

'It is certain that a woman who writes with transport is carried away, less so that she is touched. It would seem that a tender passion would render her mournful and taciturn; and that the most urgent need of a woman whose heart is engaged is less to persuade that she loves than to be sure that she is loved.'

The second term of that aphorism is an enlargement of the first. A woman, he would say, really in love would hide it by instinct. Her need is rather to be loved.

Try him on another tack. Here is a parallel with La Rochefoucauld. The Duke says, 'Old men are fond of giving good advice, to console themselves for being no longer able to set bad examples.' La Bruyère's is equally sharp: 'A modern writer will generally prove to you that the ancients are inferior in two ways—by reason and example. The reason will be drawn from his own taste, and the examples from his own works.' Very neat both, but I think La Bruyère's has the more comic turn. If the Duke had had less prudence, or more bitterness (with as much reason for it), we might have been able to compare his treatment of *la Cour*. But he hardly touches it. La Bruyère cannot leave it alone. 'Let a favourite,' he says, 'have a sharp eye on himself; for if he keep me in his ante-chamber a shorter time than usual; if his look be more open; if he frown less, listen more willingly, show me a little further from the door, I shall be thinking him in the way of losing credit; and I shall be right.' Then he breaks into this bitter reflection: 'A man can have little resource in himself if he must fall into disgrace or be mortified in order to become more human, more tractable, less of a brute and more of a good fellow.'

There is a note very familiar to us in this:

'How comes it about that *Alciopus* bows to me this morning, smiles, throws himself halfway out of the carriage window for fear of missing my eye? I am not a rich man—and I am on foot. By all the rules he ought not to have seen me. Is it not rather so that he himself may be seen in the same coach with a lord?'

Thackeray all over; but I don't think Thackeray had it straight from *Les Caractères*. The first translation into English was in 1699, and by 'Eustace Budgell Esq.' There were many others—two, anonymous, in 1700 and 1702, one by Nicholas Rowe in 1709, one by 'H. Gally' in 1725. Was not Budgell one of the *Spectator's* men? Steele and Addison both may have quarried in his version. Here is a specimen *Spectator* paragraph:

'*Narcissus* rises in the morning in order that he may go to bed at night. He takes his time for dressing like a woman, and goes every day regularly to mass at the *Feuillants* or the *Minims*. He is an affable fellow, who may be counted on in a certain quarter of the town to take a *tierce* or a *cinquième* at Ombre or Reversi. So engaged you will see him in his chair for hours on end at *Aricia's*, where every evening he will lay out his five gold pistoles. He reads punctually the *Gazette de Hollande* and the *Mercurie Galant*; he will have read his *Cyrano*, his *des Marets*, his *Lesclache*, *Barbin's* story books, assorted poetry. He walks abroad with the ladies; he is serious in paying calls. He will do to-morrow what he does to-day and did yesterday; and after having so lived, so he will die.'

The sting in the tail is perhaps too sharp for Steele, though it is not for Addison. You will find the former more exactly foreshadowed in the fable of *Emira*, an insensible beauty of Smyrna who finds that she cannot love until she has first been jealous, and finds that out too late. Style and handling are the very spit of Steele's. I have not seen the suggestion anywhere, and put it forward for what it may be worth, that Budgell's translation inspired our pair of Essayists to hit off friends and foes under the stock names of *Belinda*, *Sacharissa*, *Eugenio*, and the like. The 'portrait' had been a popular literary form in France from the days of Richelieu; but it was new to England when Addison and Steele went into journalism. Are there 'keys' to the *Spectator* and *Tatler*? I suppose so.

Not all his portraits are malicious, not all of them so simple as that of *Narcissus*; but some of them are really malignant. It is safe to say that a man of whom Saint-Simon had nothing but good to report, had nothing but good to be reported. Such a man

was t
greed
Branc
the C
know
his b
and
invol
been
him
when
the b
are d
La B
H
he w
own
meth
is in
Simo
livres
calls
regar

'
as ke
less
enric
ask
the g
of a
I mu
gimc

That
scold
is a
kind
page
a pan
he w
man

was the Duc de Beauvilliers. La Bruyère says of him that he was greedy after office—exactly what he was not. The Comte de Brancas, who figures as *Menalcas*, is very good fun. Brancas was the George Dyer of Paris and his day, *distracted* in ways which a knowledge of his time will excuse. The best story of him is of his bustling to Mass, very late, seeing a *prie-dieu* facing the altar and plumping down upon it. It shrieked under him and fell, involving him in struggles on the floor with a large lady who had been occupying it, and was the Queen-Mother! Another shows him at home, putting down his book to nurse a grandchild; then, when a visitor was announced, jumping to his feet, and flinging the baby on to the floor, where he had just flung the book. There are dozens of such tales, none of them ill-natured. Probably even La Bruyère could not have been unkind to Brancas.

He is certainly more severe than Tallemant, but that is because he will always introduce himself into the story, and always to his own advantage. Tallemant never does that, but uses the historical method invariably. A good example of La Bruyère's intrusion is in his dealing with a Lord Strafford of ours, a peer whom Saint-Simon calls 'une espèce d'imbécile,' and accuses of having 50,000 *livres de rentes* in England and spending them in Paris. La Bruyère calls him Philémon and strikes the attitude of Diogenes in his regard:

'Gold, you tell me, glitters upon *Philémon's* coat? It glitters as keenly at the tailor's. He is clothed in the finest tissue? Is it less well displayed in shop-lengths? But the embroideries, the enrichments make him splendid! I praise the needlewoman. But ask him the time, and he will pull out a masterpiece of a watch: the guard of his sword is of onyx; there is a diamond on his finger of a water . . . ! You have managed to make me curious at last. I must see these priceless things. Send me *Philémon's* clothes and gimcracks. You may keep *Philémon*.'

That is the better part of it. In the next paragraph he turns to scold the old lord, and calls him a fool in so many words. That is a mistake of his. It is not playing the game of satire, but the kind of game which is played at the street corner. On the same page is Harlay, the very unepiscopal Archbishop of Paris, but only a part of him. He leaves the bishop out of the question (as assuredly he was), and gives us the Courtier. Harlay was famous for his manners. *Theognis*, as he calls him,

'is careful of his appearance, goeth forth adorned like a woman. He is hardly out of doors before he has composed his looks and countenance so that he may appear all of a piece when he is in public, the same thing to all men. Passers-by are to find him graciously smiling upon them ; and nobody must miss it. He goes into the corridor, turns to the right where everybody is, or to the left where there is no one : he will salute those who are there, and those who are not. He will embrace the first man he comes across and press his head to his bosom ; then he will ask you who it was he was greeting. Perhaps you have need of him in some little business or other, you go to him, ask him to help. *Theognis* lends you a ready ear, is overjoyed to be of use, implores you to find him other chances of serving your occasions. Then, when you urge your immediate affair, he will tell you that he cannot manage that ; he will ask you to put yourself in his place, judge for yourself. So you take your leave, escorted to the door, caressed, and puzzled, but almost gratified to have been refused.'

That is excellent, done with a lighthearted malice worth all the *coquins*, *fats*, and *sots* in the world. But of all his 'portraits' by far the most agreeable is that of Madame de Boislandry whom he calls *Arténice*. It appears as a fragment in the section *Des Jugements*, but I don't think really belongs there. There is nothing else like it ; it has a gusto and charm of its own. Steele comes to mind again, with his Lady Elizabeth Hastings. It must be my last example :

' . . . He was saying that the mind of that beautiful person was like a well-cut diamond ; and continuing his talk of her, "There is," he added, "a ray of reasonableness and charm in it which engages at once the eyes and the hearts of those who converse with her. One hardly knows whether one loves or admires : she has that in her to make her a perfect friend, and that too which might lead you beyond friendship. Too young and too lovely not to please, too modest to dream of it, she makes little account of men but upon their merits, and looks for no more from them than their friendship. Brimming over with life and quick to feel, she surprises and attracts ; and while perfectly aware of the delicate shades and subtleties of the best conversation, she is yet capable of happy improvisations which among other charms have that of inspiring repartee. Her intercourse is that of one who, without learning of her own, is aware of it, and desires to inform herself ; and yet she listens to you as one who, after all, knows a good deal, can appraise the worth of what you say and will lose nothing that you may choose to impart. Far from seeking to contradict you, she takes up your points, considers them as her own, enlarges and

enhances them. You find yourself gratified to have thought them out so well and to have put them forward better than you had supposed. . . .”

There is more in that strain of intense appreciation, done by a writer who knows that what he says of you is worth having, even if it be flattery. La Bruyère had his reasons for flattering *Arlénice*: it is agreed that he was very fond of her. So were many others: she had her adventures, though he did not share them. Evidently he knew that she was not for him; for there is no tarnish of jealousy upon his praise. He was one whom there were few to love, and he found very few to praise. But he praised and loved Madame de Boislandry.

Although he became a person of consequence from the day his book was out, he was not chosen to the Academy until 1693, and then not without several postponements, considerable effort on the side of his friends and strenuous opposition from Fontenelle and his partisans whom he had fustigated as Les Théobaldes in his *Caractères*. When he was in fact chosen it was a very near thing. A M. de la Loubère who blocked his road retired in his favour and transferred to him the suffrages of his own supporters. For that generous act La Bruyère paid him a handsome and a happy compliment in his address of reception:

‘A father,’ he said, ‘takes his son to the theatre: a great crowd, the door besieged. But he is a tall man and a stout. He breaks a way to the turnstile, and as he is on the point of passing in, puts the lad before him, who without that foresight would either have come in late, or not come in at all.’

A pretty turn to give his gratitude! Apart from that he was unnecessarily provocative. He went out of his way to praise Racine at the expense of Corneille, which, seeing that Thomas Corneille was a brother and Fontenelle a nephew of the great man, and that both were present, was asking for trouble. Trouble there was—efforts to refuse him inscription in the Archives, a foaming attack in the *Mercurie Galant*, a plot to print and publish separately the address of his co-nominee, and so on. But the Abbé Bignon stood by him; both addresses were published together, La Bruyère’s with a fighting preface, and inscription in the records followed.

In his preface he girds at his critics for not having seen what he was driving at in *Les Caractères*. They had taken it, he says, for a collection of aphorisms and sentences loosely assorted under headings, with portraits here and there of distinguished persons,

scandalous or malicious as might be. They took it, in short, for a nosegay of flowers of speech, selected more for their pungency than their fragrance, relieved by foliage luxuriant enough, but beset with thorns. That was not at all his own idea of it.

'Have they not observed,' he asks, 'that of the sixteen chapters comprised in it there are fifteen which, applied to the discovery of what is false and absurd in the objects of the passions and attachments of mankind, aim only at breaking down the growths which first enfeeble and presently extinguish the knowledge of God in men—nothing therefore but preliminary to the sixteenth and last, in which atheism is attacked, and possibly routed?'

I confess that if the critics had not detected all that in the plan or content of Sections I.-XV., there is much excuse for them. I am in the same condemnation. It is true that those sections may be said to attack false gods in general: folly, ostentation, vainglory, evil concupiscence and suchlike. It is true that La Bruyère is a *ensor morum*, like many a man before him and since. But it is not at all obvious that he is clearing a way by his analytic philosophy for a synthetic which will seat the true God firmly on His throne in the heart. Nor is the effort to do that conspicuous. 'I feel that there is a God,' he says in his sixteenth section, 'and I do not feel that there is no God. That is enough for me; all the reasoning in the world is beyond the purpose: I conclude that God is.' Very good; but then, why all the reasoning in the book? Pascal said the same thing, rather better. 'It is the heart that feels God, not the reason. That is faith: God sensible to the heart, not to the reason.' It is probably as near as one can go. But how does La Bruyère make it more pointed by what has gone before? If you prove to demonstration that the goods of this world are but vanity, does that of itself imply, first that there is another world, whose goods (secondly) are not vain? Not at all. My impression is that La Bruyère had no such large intention when he began, and that if he had had it, he would have declared it in his opening observations. He was moralist and satirist both; but as much of one as the other. Character rather than characteristics attracted him, as I think, and the sharp sentences he aimed at were more literary than ethical. As for maxim-drawing, although he drew plenty, he expressly disavowed it. 'I ought to say that I have had no desire to write maxims. Maxims are the laws of morality, and I own that I have neither the authority nor the genius which would fit me to legislate. . . . Those, in a word,

who make maxims desire to be believed. I, on the other hand, am willing that anyone should say of me that I have not always well observed, provided that he himself observe better.'

And the last sentence in the book is this: 'If these *Caractères* of mine are not relished I shall be surprised; and if they are I shall be equally so.'

There is a pose in that; but it is a literary pose.

He did not live long to enjoy his Academic dignity. He made but one appearance at the table, and then supported the candidature of somebody whose name was not before the assembly. His proposal was of Dacier the classic, but he owned that he should prefer to see Madame Dacier chosen. On May 10, 1696, just a month after Madame de Sévigné, he died of apoplexy at Versailles. He had rooms in the château opening on to the leads—bedroom, book-closet, and dressing-room. The inventory of his effects shows him to have been possessed of some 300 books. Very few of his letters exist: one to Ménage about Theophrastus, one to Bussy, thanking him for his vote and sending him the sixth edition of *Les Caractères*, others to Condé, of earlier date, about the progress of his grandson. Two letters to him from Jérôme Phélypeaux, the son of Pontchartrain, survive, which hint at a happy relationship between the scholar and the young blade. Phélypeaux, who was just one-and-twenty, chaffs the philosopher; calls him a 'fort joli garçon,' suspects him of being 'un des plus rudes joueurs de lansquenet qui soit au monde.' La Bruyère's solitary letter to his young friend is in a light-hearted vein too, chiefly about the weather.

It is so hot, he says, that yesterday he cooked a cake on his leads, and an excellent cake. To-day it has rained a little. Then he plays the fool very pleasantly. 'Whether it will rain to-morrow, or whether it won't, is a thing, Sir, which I could not pronounce if the health of all Europe depended upon it. All the same I believe, morally speaking, that there will be a little rain; that when that rain shall have ceased it will leave off raining, unless indeed it should begin to rain again.' It is evidence of a sound heart that a learned man can write so to a young friend; and as it is much better to love a man than not, I close upon that frivolous but happy note. La Bruyère was to live a year more in his attic on the leads. Let us hope that he baked some more cakes and wrote many more letters to young M. Phélypeaux.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

OPEN PATHS.

PICTURES OF WILD LIFE IN ENGLAND.

BY E. L. GRANT WATSON.

VII.

June 19, Wicken.—The road from Soham winds with what seems an exceptional number of twists, like a piece of string dropped at random, across the undulating fields of wheat. The ears of the young corn stand free and erect from their sheaths; no seed has yet hardened within the green bracts, which are still empty. Amongst the blue, luxuriant leaves there are scarlet poppies. In some places, as if scattered by a passing gust, and along the banks which here and there separate the fields, they are congregated in little clouds of colour. In amongst the larger areas of wheat are strips of flowering beans, whose scent is as potent and as charged with summer as is the wild fragrance of honeysuckle. On either side of the white roadway and along the telegraph wires, corn-buntings and wheatears flit for short distances, then pause for a few seconds to chatter and scold before they fly on again. Larks, overhead, pour out their song.

This is a land of open sky—there are no hills nor woods; the deep carpet of the corn spreads widely over the earth. Into this carpet the blue of the sky sinks and is absorbed. It is absorbed, and at the same time, reciprocally, the very vividness of its verdure renders the over-arching vault more clear and pure. White clouds are blown from the north-west; their shadows in mauve and purple flow silently over the fields.

The road winds across the gently undulating country till it comes to the little village of Wicken; it leads but a few furlongs beyond the village, then lapses into a mere track, which skirts the fen. There is a footpath to Upway and the inn at the ferry, 'Five Miles from Anywhere.'

At a short distance from the village there is the last remaining piece of wild fenland in Cambridgeshire. It is well known and well loved by all naturalists. There are birds, plants, and insects which are found here and nowhere else in England. Yet apart from any interest or charm which may be given by the presence of swallow-tail butterflies, Montagu-harriers, or grasshopper-

warblers, Wicken fen is in itself a very beautiful place, and if for every month and week of the year there is one ideal spot which makes manifest the spirit and quality of that time, then surely does this fen country portray the spirit and quality of mid-June. Upon these sultry yet verdant levels the spirit of midsummer settles with perfect rest and assurance.

From the village a footpath leads through a field of wheat and poppies. A very noble oak tree stands in the midst of the field. It is now clothed in brilliant, though pale, green leaves, which have not yet become dark and hardened. Beyond the wheat there are broad lanes with high hedges. On either side arching briars of wild roses are rich in buds and blossoms; the pink petals are scattered profusely among the grass. A path leads down to the fen, and on either side dykes run laterally across the levels; their sides descend into the black peat, and above the surface of the water there springs a small forest of water-violets. Along the banks grow yellow iris and comfrey, reeds, meadow-sweet, and water-plantain. At a little distance there are deserted peat-pits filled with water; deep ponds with a profusion of water-lilies and water-ranunculus spreading over the surface. Maids of honour, and blue, thin-bodied dragonflies perch on the leaves; there are water-measurers and water-spiders.

The path opens upon the main level of the fen. Imagine a central drive where a way has been cleared through the sedge, which on either side extends as far as one may see. Among this sedge there grow thickets and small jungle-scrub of buckthorn, willow, and guelder-rose. A few solitary birch trees lift their heads against the sky; they emphasise, by their meagre, dark lines, the flatness of the plain and the over-arching greatness of the heavens. Summer, the gentle, untired summer of mid-June, settles heavily upon the land. Upon all this luxuriance of vegetation there is a languor and a warmth. A few late swallow-tails are flying lazily across the sedge, red admirals are sunning themselves upon the buckthorn bushes, the loud humming of bees mingles with the humming of innumerable lesser insects.

Each year some part of the sedge is cut. Where it has been standing for many years it is so thick and so filled with dead halms of reed that it is very difficult to penetrate, but where it was cut down two years ago young green plants grow up in great variety and profusion. Should one wander amid this two-years' growth,

he will soon find the delicately divided leaves of the wild carrot. If he look closely he will see the shining yellow eggs, about the size of a pin's head, of the swallow-tail butterfly, and in some places there are already the newly emerged larvae, black with a small white band. This two-year sedge is filled with unusual plants, many of which I cannot name. There are strange pale ferns whose fronds crawl upward like tentacles. There are rushes and willow-herbs, a profusion of meadow-sweet, agrimony, comfrey, ground willows of different kinds, and tufts of green, harsh grass.

It is pleasant to sit here upon the black earth, which is so soft and full of moisture. I watch the sunlight falling upon the leaves, and see something of the teeming and various life of insects and small creatures which is there partially revealed. From the spot that I have chosen I can see the lethargic and bloated larvae of a large species of ladybird. It sits motionless, its little black legs clasped tightly round a stem. Its fat, spotted body sags with its weight. It waits static and unconscious, in a kind of blessed trance, for the night-time, when it will move slowly, will take more food, and so become yet fatter and approach yet nearer its destined metamorphosis. At a few inches distant there is a land-snail whose spiral, pointed shell sways and lolls through wide angles as it advances across a leaf. Its horns are long and delicate; I can see the black eyes shine at the tips. On a spear of rush a drinker caterpillar is sleeping head downwards, close to the earth. He also is waiting for the night. On a sprig of wild carrot two yellow eggs of the swallow-tail catch my eye. I am glad to see how much more common this insect is than when I visited the fen eight years ago. Since then the collectors, whose strange joy it is to gather the dead corpses of insects into hygienically camphored boxes, are not allowed to go unchecked upon their murderous ways. There is the sound of gnawing of thick, juicy stems, and as I turn my head a water-vole looks inquiringly up at me with his half-friendly, half-frightened eyes. Over there, far away in the distance, the straight, long wings of the Montagu-harriers swoop in descending circles towards the earth. Ah, my friendly water-vole, look out! Those are the fellows who are dangerous for you and your kind—more dangerous than any mere mortal.

It is pleasant to sleep and doze here in the sunlight. . . . And so the day passes. . . .

An
now r
amazi
many
fly, lik
scream
and tu
are gi
buntin
gather
Soon
day h
left th
and d
scripi
are th
hunge
Th
of the
tops
the e
breast
high
contin
fresh
life;
screa
reel o
W
of all
well
essen
and o
now
upon
that
grass
vibra
light
wire.
to or

And now it is evening. The numberless sounds of summer are now more noticeable. Cuckoos call continuously. There is an amazing number of these birds; at no other place have I seen so many together. They are singing their broken June song as they fly, like hawks, among the bushes. 'Cuck, cuck, cuck, cuck,' they scream, and their notes mingle with the soft, deep cooing of pigeons and turtle doves. In the sedge, sedge-warblers and reed-warblers are giving intermittent calls and short warbles of song. Reed-buntings and wheatears are chattering, and now as the twilight gathers, a grasshopper-warbler begins to reel, faintly, delicately. Soon he is answered by another. The hum of insects, which all day has been so noticeable, is now not so loud. The bees have left the buckthorn and the guelder-roses. Yet there are other and different insect sounds, and if one listen he can hear the scraping of hooked feet on bony reeds; and very clearly audible are the jaws of caterpillars as they devour with regular, unhurried hunger the stiff, silicious grasses.

The twilight deepens. Against the horizon the straight line of the sedge is broken here and there by the clumped, rounded tops of swallow bushes. In blue silhouettes they stand against the evening sky. Small cumulus clouds, like feathers on the breast of a wood-pigeon, cover the whole vault; they float very high and far from the earth. Grasshopper-warblers are reeling continuously; moths are beginning to fly. An invigorating freshness is wafted suddenly into the air. There is a stirring of life; everything is awake and listening. The cuckoos no longer scream, the medley of sounds has died down, only the warblers reel continuously, delicately, and faintly.

With the magic of twilight comes the hour of the most beautiful of all moths, the short hour of the ghost-swift. This creature is well named; it is indeed a spirit, a phantom, a ghost, an incarnate essence of June and summer. It is born of the mingling of hay and dew. It has flashed into sight with a wild zig-zag leap, and now close to the earth it hangs, vibrating, hovering, as if suspended upon invisible wires. It sways to and fro. Is it caught in a web that it thus trembles as if longing to be free? Just above the grass-tops it sways, incredibly still for such swift-beating wings, vibrant. They move too fast to be seen; it is a ghostly core of light shining amid the grass. It sinks, lowered upon its invisible wire. By what mysterious force is it constrained? It is so fixed to one spot that I can draw near and watch it, and marvel at its

radiance. I can bend close and listen to the soft burr of its wings. Often in my childhood have I watched these moths, spell-bound, as I am now, and marvelling. It sways and hovers, and sways and hovers, then in a flash it is released from that restraining spell; it is gone and away.

Other moths are flying; in irregular and darting courses they cross the glade and flash back and away over the sedge. As the darkness gathers, owls cry to and answer one another. Night slowly envelops the fenland.

July, Hartland Quay.—Grey sky and the Atlantic. Lundy Island, like a shadow, like a faint, bodiless outline, floats upon the sea northward. To the south is rugged coast, purple, red, and green, dull-coloured in this cold light; and beyond, grey as sea and sky, the cliffs and combes of Cornwall. Waves advance in lines, long lines across that tumultuous surface, following one after another. They come steadily landward with the wind at their backs; they meet the out-jutting rocks; they divide and break, and suck into hollows, and from out their own whirlpools rise with rounded backs, or with flowing, dissolving bosoms; they lift over the black islands and pour in cataracts; they churn into green and white foam. The waters unite again, and the waves advance leaving a floating lacework. Again they break; spray flies up, wetting the cliffs.

I feel the wind warm and fresh from the sea. It caresses with a delicate caprice. It comes in puffs and lulls, a whispering in the ears, a sudden tumult, a restless hesitancy, a half-communited utterance, greeting and flight unceremonious, a whisper and a kiss. With shut eyes I listen to the sound of water upon rock, of wave meeting wave, the advance and the ebb. There are multitudinous, mingling explosions of water; it bursts upward, it slaps against the rocks, and whirls into crannies. I hear the profound sigh of the sea meeting the shore, and, through and above the deeper notes, the crescendo of breaking waves, the fountains of spray, the metallic ring of falling drops.

Air and water, and rocks crumbling and dissolving through long ages. Past me the wind, an inspired breath, flies on its wild passage; I hear its half-uttered, imaginative phrases.

July 14, Hartland Quay.—The Quay hotel is like a village. There is a street down the middle and buildings upon either side. They are the typical low buildings of Cornwall, of whitewashed stone with pale green slate roofs above. Down the street wander

cows
and t
toget
thing
which
it wo
T
humb
either
the cl
start
break
bones
skelet
toget
rearg
and
and c
and s
are w
buzza
the w
U
crouc
seem
its de
Here
the c
attitu
with
'Wh
good
grain
In
the r
with
his t
from
laces
The
of ga
V

cows and horses and dogs and pigs and ducks and hens, and, now and then, guests from the hotel. We are all very much at home together. In spite of the variation of our human types, we accept things as we find them, and extend to our own species that tolerance which we must perforce give to the farmyard. In this atmosphere it would be difficult to stand aloof.

The low buildings perched upon a promontory of rock are of a humble nature in good keeping with the wild landscape. On either side there are promontories, peninsulas, and islands. From the cliffs there are cascades of broken rocks, whose contorted strata start in all directions. Their jagged teeth gnash out into the sea, breaking the green Atlantic rollers into spray and foam. The bones of the land are here laid bare and broken. They are like skeletons of dragons which in some cataclysmal epoch were rattled together and have now fallen apart. These ruins of the land, the rearguard of its defeat in the long battle with the sea, stand obstinate and rigid enough. Beyond, the cliffs rise sheer to the sky-line, and on their exposed faces the broken strata testify to the sheers and stresses of past geological periods. On the crowns of the cliffs are wild thrift and gorse and ling, and far above, high in the air, buzzards float, their wings uptilted and steady, balancing against the wind.

Upon its foothold of land beneath the cliff the hotel-village crouches. With the grandeur of these broken giants it does not seem concerned. Its humble farmyard life is sufficient, and all its denizens are enveloped in an atmosphere of comfort and content. Here the shrill, trumpet-like squeals of young pigs mingle with the cries of gulls. Cocks crow; they parade in absurd masculine attitudes; they ostentatiously mate with their womenfolk, and with a self-conscious and defiant eye look round as though to say 'Who would deny me this?' They flap their wings, and their good hens, rather bored by this masculine display, look round for grain or petulantly peck at stray feathers.

In the afternoon cows stroll down the village street toward the milking sheds, and in a little time girls hurry to the kitchen with frothing pails of milk. A fluffy ball of a collie pup divides his time between tormenting a family of ducklings, keeping them from their feeding bowl, and making onslaughts upon the shoelaces of the guests. Horses wait patiently while carts are unloaded. The cows low from their stalls, and maids run out with pails full of garbage to be shot over the crags into the waves. The creatures

of the sea look in curiously upon this domestic life. Gulls swoop close to the roofs and scream; some oyster-catchers flutter from rock to rock. Their whistling chatter has for background the breaking of waves and the murmur of moving water.

And we human creatures, we savour again the 'normal life' praised by anthropologists, and become thereby relaxed and refreshed. We eat the good food; we wait expectant for the morning postman; we gaze at the broken rocks and the high cliffs; we talk about the weather, and watch with pleasurable interest the development of small intrigues; we listen with a certain half-ashamed gratification to the eternal scandal which maketh glad the hearts of men.

July 15, Hartland Quay.—The wings of the buzzard, as he floats seemingly motionless high up in the landward-rushing wind, have the same curve as the leaf of a water-lily. The tips of the feathers slope upward with the same delicate intention. They are like the rim which from the leaf's surface holds out the water. The heavy head of the bird hangs downward far below the body. It is the anchor dropped earthward. In mechanical function it is like the long stalk fastening the floating leaf to the river floor. In this poised flight there is no hovering of wings as with the kestrel; they appear to be quite motionless as the great bird floats like an anchored leaf on unseen currents. The wind veers, the feathers ruffle like water under a gust, yet the bird remains still and poised against the clouds. There is nothing to be seen of the feet or legs; they are held close amongst the feathers of the belly. The tail is spread in a fan, and the broad wings tilt slightly upward on either side.

What keen sight must this bird possess that from two hundred feet and more can see small creatures stirring amongst the grass! It watches, keeping rigidly still so that it may see all the details of the ground the more clearly, then with an indolent and powerful grace sweeps in a wide curve upward. The wings bend and flash in the sunlight; it now sails forward and down, riding the waves of air with confidence. With a lift of the wings, an upward lilt, an anticipatory vibration, as of some less noble bird about to perch on tree or rock, it floats, it perches in the air without use of claws or legs; with head sunk between arching wing-shoulders it is anchored once more. Its round, widely-opened eyes watch the earth, and now suddenly the wings are drawn in and folded, the long body tilts forward, it falls steeply like a stone, swift as a stone,

to the ground. In a second the hawk sweeps upward again, and again floats anchored, held to the earth by its keen and marvellous sight.

All day long these powerful and beautiful birds breast the Atlantic winds and float over the North Devon and Cornish coasts. They see, as they look down the oncoming waves, the broken festoons of foam, the lines of rocks which run out from the land to meet the sea, the headlands of scant grass fringed with thrift, the slopes of gorse and ling, the combes lined with stunted and wind-flattened oaks, the hillsides of bracken and fern, fields of foxgloves and mullein-spikes. They see the streams and the little waterfalls, the fields of oats, of hay and wheat, a patchwork quilt—all the rich, mixed character of the land, the masculine savagery of the coast, the self-sufficiency of the inland valleys, the rain-fed marshes. Or do they see nothing of all this, only a tangle of grasses, dun-coloured and green, where lurk mice and young rabbits? Food—no doubt food is their chief concern. But to seek one's food so nobly, with such complete grace and power, is not that an aspiration and a glory? I think that they feel the perfection of their qualities, their proud wings, their searching and penetrating gaze.

July 16, Hartland.—What the Chinese landscape painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have so wonderfully achieved is a sense of the weight and solidity of earth. One looks at the fantastic contours of their hills and feels that, fantastic as they may appear, they are made of solid rock, and that the force of gravitation is in them. Those artists knew well the nature of the water-worn surfaces of earth.

The North Devon scenery of cliffs and hillsides, of combes and smooth green valleys, is reminiscent of those pictures. The character of the earth is similar. The headlands so scantily covered in vegetation, the flexed strata in anticline and syncline, the pyramid-shaped masses, the welding of the foundations, the flanges of bare and glistening rock, the roots of the hills descending into the earth, the precipice breaking sheer from the hilltop, these communicate a sense of weight and power, a sense of timeless grandeur. In these passive and mutable forms there are intimations, subtle yet insistent, of evolutionary intuition. The hills, pressing down upon the earth, are portions of the primal matrix exposed to our view; they bear upon their sides the marks of time and hint to us the histories of the past; and by those same indications we know that they will vanish away.

And now in an instant, even as I look, clouds pass, the light changes, they are becoming unsubstantial, almost unreal.

From the sea-beach, where the stream falls in a cascade, the valley winds inland like a serpent, like a green serpent with a broad and variegated back. On each side the hills with irregular contours descend, here sheer and flat, there in undulating curves. They are clad in bracken and gorse and grass, and in places thick growths of rushes mark the source of springs. As the hills meet the valley they break into undulating ground; there are hummocks, like the knee-joints and elbows of sleeping giants, thinly covered with grass.

I find a changing delight in watching the contours whose curves are so subtle and suggestive. That to-day the earth's surface should be thus and thus, that the undulations should be so deliberate and so unostentatious, so delicate in their significance, so easily overlooked, yet so satisfactory when perceived, that in itself gives delight. These curved surfaces appear, as I now watch them, as the inspired meeting place of air and earth. The wind goes by, bending the grasses and reeds, and the contours seem thereby changed; the cloud-shadows float across the valley, shading the brilliance of the grass. They pass, and the tiny uplifted faces of yellow flowers gleam upward at the sun from out their green background.

On the far side of the valley between the meanderings of the stream are a multitude of stunted gorse bushes. Flocks of birds, linnets, wheatears, goldfinches and stone-chats, flutter to and fro amongst them. They make short flights from bush to bush, and every now and then a single bird, perched on some topmost spray, sways and flutters. Their faint, sharp chatterings are born to me on the wind. Distinctly I can hear the bird-voices against the rustling of the stream from so far distant, and the yet more distant insistence of the sea.

And again I look at the hills, and feel the solid mass of their being; I am aware of their down-pressing weight—these bones of the world, covered by so thin a garment of life, swept continuously by the air, by the rain, and by the swift procession of cloud-shadows.

July 19, Instow.—At low tide the sands at Instow stretch out across the estuary. The river waters are withdrawn and wind in their own deep channels. The ripples left upon the sand by the retreating waves are in their shape like mountain ranges. If, in imagination, I magnify these hills, I see them like the veld,

flat-topped and bare, with just that amount of irregularity to make one marvel at the even disposition of forces that made them. As I look down at the immediate area at my feet, the sunlight, slanting from the west, catches the crests of the tiny ridges in just such a way as I have seen it light and gild the uplands of the bush. Looking down, I can see an almost infinite country. What multitudes of miniature hills and valleys, of golden plateaus and dark escarpments!

Bright green growths of seaweed are anchored in the sand. These, when the tide is up, no doubt float out their filaments; but now, in damp, soft wisps they lie athwart the tiny hills and trail into the valleys. Their colour and their life give significance to the heavy contours. The gold-crested hills are the more golden for these verdant patches, and the brown shadows of the valleys the more deep.

THE DIVERSIONS OF DAWSON.

BY BENNET COPPLESTONE.

BOOK II. NED GRIMES, DECK HAND.

II.—THE LOSS OF THE 'WILLING MAID.'

THE *Willing Maid*, a small three-island tramp of obscure parentage, left the Pool in ballast on a Monday afternoon; on the Saturday following she was reported to have struck upon submerged wreckage off the Cod Rocks, and to have sunk within fifteen minutes in deep water. Her crew were landed safely at Kingswear just inside the rock-pillared gateway of Dartmouth. It was a resting-place well chosen; the Cod Rocks were not conspicuously out of her course as she steamed from Portland Bill across the West Bay to clear Start Point, and here on the Devon coast the water deepens rapidly and steeply. A few hundred yards to seaward of the Rocks we get the ten-fathom line, and a short half mile farther out the depth at low water is twenty fathoms. 'That skipper knew his job,' murmured I, as I bent over my own familiar salt-stained chart; 'if the casualty has worked out according to plan that poor slaughtered creature will lie where the eyes of curious divers may scarcely penetrate. It looks as if we shall suspect a lot, yet be able to prove nothing.'

Then, with as much patience as I could command, I awaited the reappearance of Matthew Jubb and William Dawson. I had sent young Mat a soothing letter before he sailed, a letter as nearly apologetic as it is fitting for a youngster to receive from one who might have been his stern father; and he had replied in a forgiving spirit. And while I impatiently awaited Jubb's return I filled in the long hours by trying to get into communication with the evasive Dawson. Totally without success. My telephone calls to the Yard drew blank every time. Dawson, it was declared, was absent on special duty. The Assistant Commissioner was too busy to take other than official calls. His private secretary spoke to me once or twice precisely as private secretaries always do speak, conveying nothing except polite regrets. For three days I suffered as, no doubt, the A.C. and Dawson fully intended

that I should suffer. These police officers have no bowels of compassion for over-curious outsiders.

On the fourth day I was relieved by the appearance of Mat. As he marched into my room and seated himself in my chair of inquisition I was conscious of a subtle change in his bearing. He was both physically and morally different from the lad who had gone forth to take up the detested office of a temporary police spy. The few days at sea under the sun of May had brightened his eye and tanned his cheeks. He, a landsman from the Midlands, had never crossed the English Channel till the war swept him into its net and dictated his oversea movements. The salt in the blood of English youth is a marvellous condiment. It will lie unrealised for generations, and then, at a breath of the Sea Mother, will speed tingling through every vein and awake into conscious sailorhood the dormant subconscious mind. Jubb, who had gone away a landsman, returned a seaman, speaking the language of the sea and inspired by the instinct of the sea. It was a new strange Jubb who sat in my chair and recounted to me the first chapter of the story of the *Willing Maid*. Other chapters were to follow; let us begin with Jubb's.

'I hated to go,' said he, 'but needs must when that devil Dawson drives. You did not help me much, sir; you were the devil's accessory.'

I explained, as I had done in my letter, that from the moment when we had sought the aid of the Law we became, he and I too, the slaves of the Law's officers. It was then of no use to protest or to wriggle; we just had to submit to superior authority.

'I know,' he went on; 'I served all through the war. It was just a matter of obeying orders, however detestable obedience might seem to be. I went on board the *Willing Maid* at four o'clock on the Monday afternoon and watched her preparing for sea. I also looked out for anything which might be of significance. I did not know what to look for, ships to me were then just boxes of mystery. I seem to understand them a bit better now. I noted the arrangements of the steamer, and had a look at some of the officers. The bridge and charthouse were placed amidships. There was a high forecastle where the men berthed and raised cabins aft for the officers. I was put in with the second mate. Between the bridge and the forecastle was a big cargo hatch, and aft of the bridge was the engine-room skylight. The funnel, the boilers, and the engines were all a long way aft, so that the *Willing Maid* looked

more like a big tug than an ocean-going steamer. The skipper, an elderly man called Plumbridge, spoke to me civilly enough when I came aboard, and then went off to attend upon his duties. I vaguely hung around, feeling very much out of the maritime picture. Presently Plumbridge summoned the first officer and asked where the hell and blazes the second mate had got to. He had, it appeared, gone ashore to bring off two of the deck hands, who were putting in the last few minutes of shore leave pouring down liquor at their favourite pubs. A few minutes later a boat pulled alongside. Up came the second mate, pushing before him an exceedingly intoxicated sailor. A tackle had to be rigged to haul up the other man, who was incapable of movement. "Hogs!" shouted the skipper, and sent them forrard to have the hose played over their sodden bodies. The incapable man recovered quicker than I should have expected, considering his condition. At the shock of cold water he staggered up and cursed the man who was operating the hose. "Who are you?" roared the skipper. "I haven't seen you before." The second mate explained that this new hand, of the name of Ned Grimes, had signed on two days before as a deck hand. "Deck hand!" growled the skipper scornfully. "More like a beer hand. Boot him about his duty, and turn on the hose again as requisite." Ned Grimes, firmly kicked into the forecastle by the second mate, disappeared, and I saw him no more that day. This second mate, with the pleasant English name of Goodchild, was an excellent creature. I saw a lot of him since I shared his cabin, and I am quite sure that he was not in Bonnefant's plot. He taught me all that I learned about the *Willing Maid*. He had served in her for two years and loved her, hoped to become first mate in her—Goodchild, though no more than twenty-five, had a master's ticket—and when she sank off the Cod Rocks I saw the tears running down his cheeks.

'I did not like the look of the first officer. He was elderly, as old as the skipper, a mean rat-faced man, yet according to my friend Goodchild he would have been a first-class skipper long ago if he could have kept off gin. The skipper and the first officer used to drink together when Goodchild was on watch, with me beside him. I was entered in the books as third mate, with no duties, so I put myself down to keep watch and watch with Goodchild. The chief engineer, the inevitable Clyde Scot of the name of Rosie—this was a genuine surname, not a nickname, though I thought it was at first—I used to meet at mess, and of him formed

the lowest opinion. He was dour and pious, which, combined with drink, forms the worst of combinations. If there was a conspiracy to throw away the *Willing Maid*—of which to-day I have no evidence, though I was present when she was lost—those in it would have been the skipper, the first officer, and the chief engineer. They are all bad men, professional failures, of whom I could believe anything, though they were decent enough to me. I was the owner's representative; they called me the purser, which appears to be sea language for any brand of supercargo, and though Bonnefant must have warned them that I was not in his confidence they talked pretty freely in my presence. He was, they said, a mean white who did not care what happened to sailor-men so long as they did his dirty work. When I asked once what was specially dirty about the present trip the chief engineer glared at me. "Dirr-r-ty," grunted he. "You should listen to yon engines of mine. They clatter like a bag of hammers, every rivet has worr-r-ked loose, and when the bolts havena strippit their threads they are of a different gauge from their lock nuts." I can't convey his rich Clydeside accent, nor his withering contempt for an owner who could send a ship to sea with engines which were all of a twitter. "Shut up, Sandy," muttered the skipper. "Your engines are all right, though maybe a bit old. They are like the three of us here, seen their best days in the weary work of the sea. Well, it won't be much longer; after this trip I shall go ashore for good." That sounded pretty plain, and yet I don't know. I saw nothing that I could get hold of.

All this while as Mat Jubb talked I was trying to get on the track of the police officer whom, unknown to Jubb, Dawson had put on board. So far no light had appeared. He could not be one of the senior officers, he could not be Goodchild—for the second mate had served in the ship for two years. The one other name mentioned had been that of the deck hand, Ned Grimes, who had come aboard in the bight of a rope because he was too drunk and incapable to climb the ship's ladder. He was at once written off my list of possibles. I thought of the second engineer and inquired of his personality, but, rather to my surprise, found that Mat had never even seen him. He fed at mess with Goodchild and was on duty below when the second officer, with Mat beside him, kept watch on the bridge. My thoughts at once began to run on the track of this mysterious second engineer, but were brought up short by Jubb's statement that he, too, had been in

the ship for some years. So that line of speculation was cut off. Jubb resumed his story.

'The *Willing Maid* was a terribly slow ship. She never did more than five knots, and often little beyond four. When the skipper grumbled the chief declared that he dared not push the boilers above seventy pounds pressure. "They weep all round the joints at that," said he. "Ten pounds more, and we should blow the ends into the firebox. This ship is just held together with paint and putty. I would have scaled the boilers before this trip if I hadna been afeared to scrape through the shell. If I loaded the safety valves much above seventy we might be blown to hell any minute. Mind you, I dinna say that seventy is what you would call safe. Those boilers are never safe so long as there is a spark of fire under them." "Oh, push on," howled the skipper, exasperated. "Does it matter much if we are shot to blazes? I don't find life such fun that I want to spin it out at five knots." "It makes a lot of odds to me," replied the chief. "So long as there's whisky in the locker, and yon fool Bonnefant to pay us for piling up his ship, I can get on fine." The skipper frowned and glanced sideways at me, who tried to look as innocent as I must have seemed to those hardened sinners. You may say talk like this was suspicious; so it was, though it didn't amount to much, and I shouldn't have thought anything of it had I not known of those sixty-six thousand pounds of insurances. They talked all the time as if with engines like a bag of hammers, boilers weeping, and the ship's plates held together with paint and putty, a casualty would come along as certainly as mealtime.'

'Did it never occur to you,' I remarked, 'that these officers, who must have been in Bonnefant's plot, were preparing your innocent mind for the shipwreck which was about to happen? You were there in the *Willing Maid* as a future witness for the defence. The steamer had passed the Board of Trade's survey for coastwise service—she must have been reasonably seaworthy for sheltered waters. Most of that corner-boy chat was put on for your edification.'

'Maybe ay, maybe nay,' returned Mat easily, in the acquired vernacular of the chief engineer. 'I am not preening my feathers over this *Willing Maid* business. From first to last I have been no better than a silly ass. Yet I would not have missed that trip for worlds. It was raw life stripped of all the pretty clothes of civilisation. I enjoyed the society of those three rank ruffians,

though they did booze spirits out of pewter mugs. I loved my watches under the stars with Goodchild, and now and then the hands forrard gave me something to laugh at. You remember that Ned Grimes who was aroused from his boozy slumbers by the fire hose, and then booted into the forecandle? He was a rich specimen—what we called during the war a King's hard bargain. He started off by coming aboard beastly drunk and then went ill. He declared that he had a delicate stomach, and that his bad teeth would not let him eat. He certainly had in his ugly jaws the blackest and most broken lot of decayed tombstones that I have ever seen. Talk of pyorrhœa, he must have been sodden with it. Whenever I saw him on deck—he was in Goodchild's watch—he was crouching by the funnel or squatting on the engine-room grating. He whispered that he couldn't keep warm anywhere else. That nice fellow Goodchild stirred him up now and then, and made him do a short spell of light work, but mostly let him bide. The first mate would have booted the poor devil into bloody rags. Then when it was his watch below, and he could not sleep, he would moon around between decks, and try to get within warmth of the engines. I think he must have been in some fever; whenever I went near he was shivering. I wonder that his crazy teeth did not break off with chattering. I have never seen a wreck of a man to touch Ned Grimes. He was in a class by himself. I talked kindly to him now and then, but could never extract anything beyond grunts. The fo'c'sle hands must have been decent folk to let him live with them at all. I noticed that they were rather easy with him, and would help him out when Goodchild set him to a job of work. "Let 'im bide," I heard the big Devon quarter-master say once when the bo's'n was grumbling that Grimes could not even coil down a rope properly. "Let 'im bide. 'E ain't long for this 'ard world. 'E don't do no 'arm to nobody, and 'e's cheaper 'ere than droring a dole ashore." Ned Grimes was a man who would be always unemployed ashore and drawing an insurance dole. At the end he was the last man but one to leave the ship. He was still crouching by the engine-room skylight when the *Willing Maid* was down to her rail, and the skipper had to heave him into the boat by main force. He then lay on the bottom boards and cried because the night was so cold. I did not see him after we all landed at Kingswear. I suppose he slid away to sit by the fire of some friendly pub.'

'Now,' I said, 'get busy, young fellow, and tell me exactly

how the ship was lost. Try to remember every detail, and don't be afraid of being tedious. Perhaps I shall discern some daylight; I haven't seen any yet.'

'Let me see,' said Jubb, and pulled a notebook from his pocket. 'I kept a diary while on board, as that beast Dawson ordered, and I wrote up the wreck as soon as I got ashore. It was early in the middle watch on the Saturday morning. I had gone below after eight bells midnight had struck and turned in with Goodchild. The first mate was on watch, and the skipper came up just as we were going down. Goodchild had reported the course and how we bore to the coast, which was about three miles away. The night was clear overhead but a bit hazy, with visibility low. The Cod Rocks bore three points over our starboard bow when we had last sighted them, and our course would carry us well clear. We were on the twenty fathom line. I turned in and slept until a terrific jolt, which seemed to tear the bowels out of the ship, flung me off my berth on to the top of Goodchild, who slept below me. We sprawled on the floor together.'

'One minute,' I cried. 'Be more particular. Did you hear any definite blow or scrape as if the vessel had run on a rock?'

Jubb grinned at me; his knowing air was really insufferable. Five days before he had been a raw landsman, and now he was coming the old salt over me. 'No,' said he; 'I did not hear anything of the sort, probably because the *Willing Maid* did not strike upon a rock. She brought up with a prodigious jolt because she had butted herself into a mass of uncharted wreckage—one of brother Boche's submarine wrecks, I expect. When we got to our feet she was running forward, still quivering, and the engines had stopped. Goodchild rushed on deck; I followed. I heard the captain roar down the engine-room tube for full speed ahead, but nothing happened. Presently the chief engineer came up, black and grim, and spoke something into the skipper's ear. It was evident, so Goodchild told me, that the shock of the collision had been the last straw which had broken the back of our senile engines. The syren shrieked, and then, as if it had been a signal, up came the engine hands and stokers. The water was already over the bed plates of the engine-room. "Quick work," I heard Goodchild mutter. "To make water at this rate half her bottom must have been ripped away." Then he left me to see after the boats, and I went and looked down through the skylight of the engine-room. Ned Grimes was there as usual. He also was looking down. The

chief left the skipper and went below, which I thought very brave of him. I could see the water shining on the floor, and there would be a horrid and dangerous mess when it reached the fires of the boilers. All this while there was a frightful screaming of steam from the boiler valves. The pressure was being blown off. I could not hear any order given—there was too much row—but I could see the officers swinging out two boats. The *Willing Maid* had stopped and was settling fast. The chief engineer came on deck again, driven up by the rising water, and everyone now was intent upon the boats. Our lives depended upon them. I said everyone, which was not strictly accurate, for Ned Grimes had not moved from his beloved station by the engine-room skylight. The first boat filled and got away, and then the second was swung out. The skipper still stood on the bridge, and Ned Grimes crouched by his skylight; all the rest of us crowded about the second boat. I was one of the last to get in. We waited for the skipper, who, before coming, looked round the deck. He roared savagely at Grimes, and then, as the man did not move, caught him about the waist and flung him towards us. Some one picked him up and heaved him into the boat. We lowered and pulled away as soon as we had taken in the skipper. I looked at my wrist watch. It was exactly fifteen minutes since I had been flung out of my berth on to Goodchild's stomach. As he had said, it was quick work. The *Willing Maid* upended and went down just ten minutes later. We lay by to watch her go. I heard a growl from Rosie, the chief engineer. "What depth do you make it?" "Seven fathoms," replied the skipper, groaning like one bereft—it must be awful to see one's ship sink; I felt near crying myself—"seven, towards eight. Not more." "The engines were ripped out of her," muttered Rosie. "It was the devil of a jolt." I heard no more if more were spoken. I was cold and miserable. Goodchild was weeping, openly, unashamed. The big tears trickled down as you see them in close-up films at the picture house, only Goodchild's tears were honest salt water and not cinema glycerine. Ned Grimes, picked up and chucked forward, sprawled near me in the bows. To the end he was true to type, an utterly incompetent, useless dodderer. I could have seen him put overboard without raising a finger in protest.

'There is not much more to tell. The night was fine, we pulled south towards the mouth of the Dart, and reached Kingswear about noon. We had to wait outside for the tide to turn. There,

I suppose, the skipper reported the loss. That was his business, not mine. I had come off in the boat with no clothes and no money. I had to wire to my bank in Chelsea, and then to fit up Goodchild and myself. I lent him as much as he needed; he is one of the very best. We stayed in Dartmouth for two days, and then left for London. Here I am, and you now know as much of the loss of the *Willing Maid* as I do. Do you see any daylight?

'Precious little,' I replied. 'There is just this one little ray. Seven fathoms! I feel in my bones that here we have the failure in Bonnefant's plans which may put him in the dock. They cannot have intended to sink the *Willing Maid* in less than twenty fathoms. Sunk ships tell no tales when they can't be inspected by divers. Twenty fathoms would have been safe. Lying in seven, the *Willing Maid* will be as open to expert examination as if she lay on Brighton beach. The snag, which always interposes between the criminal and success, was in this event the total collapse of the chief's bag of hammers. The skipper when he cried for steam could not have it, and so the *Willing Maid* sank hard by where she had ripped. I feel fairly sure that we shall get something more than grounds for suspicion against Bonnefant—the underwriters will be fully justified in a refusal to pay; but what I want to know is this: where is Dawson? I am just aching for a sight of his indiarubber face and his surgically clipped ears.'

'I don't share your wishes,' said Jubb curtly. 'I never want to see the brute again.'

'Yet you will see him. Make very sure of that. When our Dawson is most mysterious and most invisible, then he is working at his hardest, and those whom he is after had better strike out for one of the Poles. I would not bet on their escaping him even then. He had somehow eyes in the *Willing Maid*, and eyes all around her as she rolled down Channel, and as she upended and sank off the Cod Rocks. You have told me the first chapter, Mat Jubb. But sure as we lie here groping in the shadows, the second and final chapters will be told by Dawson. He will turn up at the instant of his own choosing, and in a fashion which we least expect.'

THE
lished
at les
will a
of th
Mr.
prize
that

1.
2.
3.
'Boo
4.
of one
back.
5.
the co
6.
THE
not le

LITERARY ACROSTICS

THE second series of Literary Acrostics begins with No. 5, published below, and will run for four months. Prizes to the value of at least £3 will be awarded to the most successful solvers. There will also be consolation prizes, two or more in number: the winners of these will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. And, further, every month a similar prize of books will be awarded to the sender of the correct solution that is first opened.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No 5.

'My strength is as the strength of ten.'

'Was ever man so grandly made as he?'

1. 'Now fades the — landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds.'
2. 'Now good digestion wait on —,
And health on both!'
3. 'Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And — holding both his sides.'
4. 'Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.'
5. 'When the last comes to the last, — is the Master
of the Jungle.'
6. 'He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or — a tale.'
7. 'Woman's faith, and woman's trust —
Write the characters in —'

RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed above 'Book Notes' on a later page.
4. At the foot of his answer every solver must write his pseudonym (consisting of one word), and nothing else. His name and address should be written at the back. References (if sent), questions, or comments should be on another paper.
5. Solvers who write a second letter, to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.
6. Answers to Acrostic No. 5 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50A Albemarle Street, London, W. 1, and must arrive not later than July 20.

LITERARY ACROSTICS.

ANSWER TO No. 4.

1.	P	el	F
2.	I	sabell	A
3.	L	egget	T
4.	G	oldsmi	H
5.	R	ectangi	E
6.	I	sido	R
7.	M	oveles	S

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 4.

'Well worthy to be magnified are they
Who, with sad hearts, of friends and country took
A last farewell, their loved abodes forsook,
And hallowed ground in which their fathers lay.'

1. 'Immortal gods, I crave no — ;
I pray for no man but myself.'
2. 'I'll visit thee for this, and kiss thine eyes,
And greet thee morn and even in the skies.'
3. 'The words of fire that from his pen
Were flung upon the fervid page,
Still move, still shake the hearts of men,
Amid a cold and coward age.'
4. '—has acquired more fame than all the officers
last war, who were not Generals.'
5. 'For three bright nymphs the wily wizard burns ;—
Three bright-eyed nymphs requite his flame by turns.'
6. 'I turn away mine eyes
For ever from you. See, the stake is ready
And I am ready too.'
7. 'Our earth, 'tis known,
Rests on a tortoise, — as this stone.'

PROEM : Wordsworth, *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, Part 3, No. 13.

LIGHTS :

1. Shakespeare, *Timon of Athens*, i., 2.
2. Keats, *Isabella*, xlii.
3. Bryant, *In Memory of William Leggett*.
4. Boswell, *Tour to the Hebrides*, August 31.
5. *The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin. The Loves of the Triangles*, canto 1.
6. G. Eliot, *The Spanish Gypsy*, Book IV.
7. Lowell, *An Oriental Apologue*.

Acrostic No. 3, 'The Lady Shalott': Only 6 correct answers were received, and there were 79 incorrect. Besides these, there were answers from solvers at Sheffield, Portrush, and Watford, that did not conform to Rule 4. The majority of the incorrect solutions were wrong in two or more lights: 'Angelo' was the chief stumbling-block, and the first three lights all secured a fair number of victims.

The monthly prize of books is won by 'Cobweb,' Mr. C. W. Cooper, Thornycroft, Mickleburgh Hill, Herne Bay, Kent.

Printed in England at THE BALLANTYNE PRESS
SPOTTISWOODE, BALLANTYNE & CO. LTD.
Colchester, London & Eton

ers

s.'

o 1.

ceived,
olvers
jority
as the
ctima.
orny-